

The Sketch



No. 564.—Vol. XLIV.

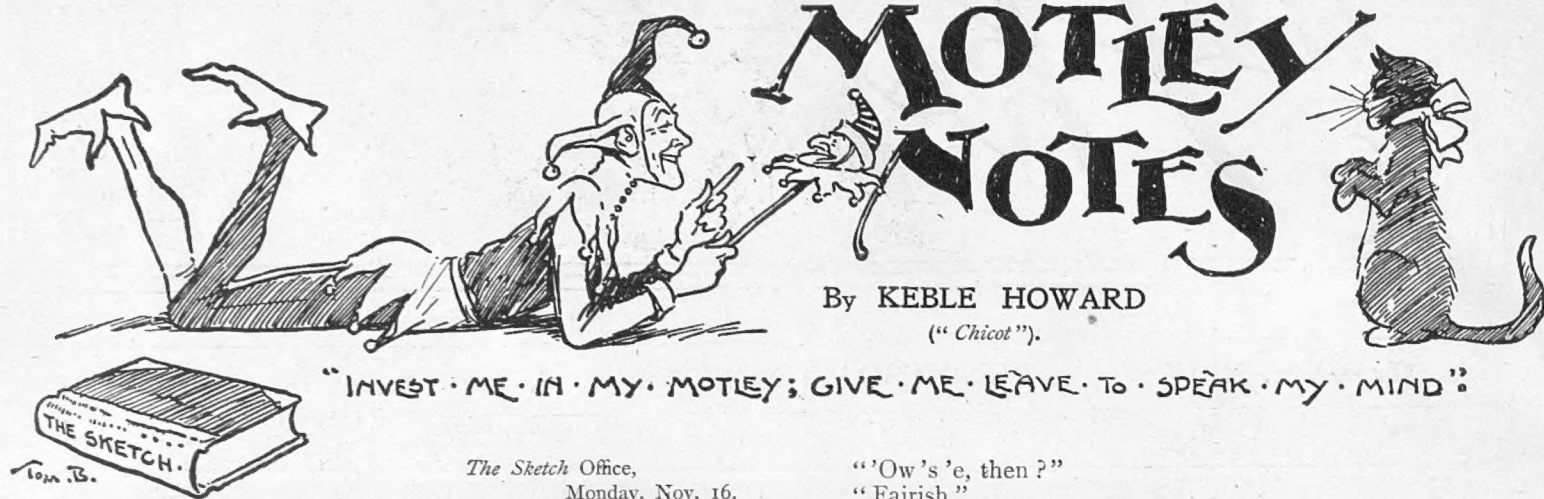
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



OUR ROYAL GUEST: KING VICTOR EMMANUEL OF ITALY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CIPRIANO CEI, IN QUEEN MARGHERITA'S PALACE AT ROME.



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Nov. 16.

I CANNOT sufficiently express my gratitude to those lion-hearted gentlemen who have started an agitation against the preposterous noisiness of London. It is all very well for people without nerves and devoid of sympathy to clamour for more barrel-organs. Such as these, I fear, clamour for the sake of adding to the clamour. They cry for more barrel-organs, not because they care for the music of the barrel-organ, but because that is the instrument expressly devised to make itself heard above the roar of the traffic. When I pass a barrel-organ in the street, I, too, surrender myself utterly to the rollick of the thing. I throw my head back; I square my shoulders; I step out more briskly. Sometimes, if I am not in a very great hurry, I feel in my pocket for a halfpenny. But it is far otherwise when the rattle and bang of the wretched torture-box comes beating in at my window and prevents me from working. In such an event—and it happens almost every night—I push back my chair with a hasty exclamation, shut the window with a bang, and fasten it savagely. Then I sit down again and make a feeble attempt to go on with my task. The effort, of course, is quite useless. The shriek of the treble and the rumble of the bass confuse me, paralyse me, mock me. I can only fill another pipe and mingle my sighs with the curling smoke.

Yet the barrel-organ, after all, is only one of the many terrible noises that go to shorten the life of the nervous Londoner. All day long I find myself at the mercy of brawling ostlers, hoarse-voiced cabmen, beery artisans, impudent paper-boys. At six o'clock every morning I am awakened from troubled slumber by the raucous cries of stablemen who pursue their tiresome business immediately beneath my bedroom window. At seven o'clock, with a terrific clattering, the unfortunate horses are hounded from the yard, and I manage to dose off for an hour. At eight, however, I am again aroused by the irritable cabmen on the neighbouring rank. I don't know why it should be so, but cabmen seem to be in a constant state of petulance, and they find it quite impossible to vent their grievances in any other tone than a loud shout. Well, I get up, and breakfast to the accompaniment of jolting drays, shrieking trains, hooting steamers, and barking motor-cars. On my way to the office, I have to pass beneath a railway-bridge that has been under repair, to my certain knowledge, for upwards of three years. What they are trying to do to the unfortunate structure I have no idea, but the nature of the work involves a series of resounding clangs that go through and through my head like the twinges of severe neuralgia.

Whilst I am at the above address, I am soothed by the steady thump, thump of the printing-machines. That is the one noise, I think, that I thoroughly enjoy; indeed, it is not really a noise, but rather a solemn, impressive melody. When the machines stop for a moment, my head whirls and I clutch at the arms of my chair. Just as I love the thump of the printing-machines, however, so do I hate the talkative workmen who frequently take up a strategic position and an eloquent hammer outside the window of my room. I am not certain which disturbs me more—the talking or the hammering, but I discovered long enough ago that the two nuisances are inseparable. One would not mind so much if the garrulous fellows would talk in an interesting way, but, so far from that, I assure you that a washerwoman at tea-time is a brilliant conversationalist compared to these tap-tapping twaddlers.

This is the sort of thing—

"I was down at Bob's o' Saturday." (Tap, tap, tap, bang, BANG!)

"Was yer?" (Tap, tap, tap, bang, BANG!)

"Ah." (Tap, tap, tap, bang, BANG!)

The work ceases for a moment.

"Ow's 'e, then?"

"Fairish."

"Gets about a bit now, I dessay."

"Ah."

The work recommences.

"Didn't see nothing of Bill there, I suppose?" (Bang, BANG, BANG!)

"No, that I didn't." (Tap, tap, BANG!) "Did 'e say 'e was goin', then?"

"No, not as I knows on." (Tap, clink, BANG! A plank falls.)

"I ain't seen 'im for a goodish while now." (Tap, tap, tap, bang, BANG!)

"Nor me." (Tap, tap, tap, bang, BANG!)

"Last time as I seen 'im 'e was along o' Ted 'Arris." (A piece of glass falls. Tap, tap, tap, bang, BANG!)

"Ah?" (Tap, tap, clink, tap, bang, BANG!)

"Ah, that's 'oo 'e was with last time as ever I seen 'im." (Tap, tap, tap, bang, BANG! A brick falls.)

The work ceases.

"'Ow are we goin' on for one o'clock?"

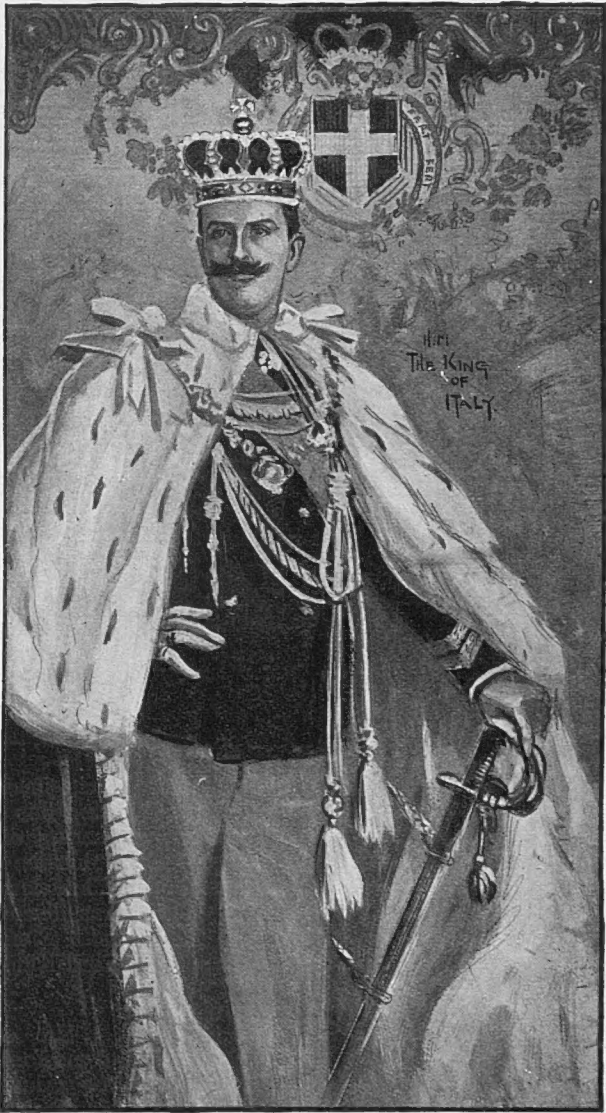
"Pretty nigh time for a bit o' dinner, I reckon."

"Ah, that 'tis."

They depart, lumberingly, and I, after praying for forgiveness, apply myself once more to the task before me.

An hour or so after the shades of night have settled down upon this throbbing London of ours, I leave the office and take my homeward way through the Strand. Twinkling hansoms flash past me; the shops are gay with electric-light; the policemen impart to the whole scene the necessary air of restfulness. I walk leisurely, turning over in my mind the various events of the day and appreciating to the full the romance and charm of this intimate thoroughfare. Suddenly, as I walk, a grimy-faced urchin rushes past me, screeching, as he goes, that loathsome phrase, "All the winners!" My nerves are still raw and smarting from the excitements of a strenuous day, and I start, visibly, as the horrid cry thrills through me. Some of the passers-by, probably those who want more barrel-organs, laugh; others, less brutal, sympathise. In any case, I arrive home in a fuming, fussing condition, and devote the hour immediately preceding dinner to anathematising the London County Council. I have no idea, by the way, whether the London County Council have any power to remedy such an evil, but, if they have not, that is the only limit, I imagine, to their omnipotence.

A few weeks ago, I took it upon myself to rebuke Mr. Edward Cooper, the novelist, for having suggested that several thousand minor novelists should pledge themselves not to publish any novels for a certain term of years. Nothing daunted by the finality of my arguments, however, a writer in *The Illustrated London News* seriously suggests that the State should take into consideration the desirability of prohibiting the majority of fictional works. I need hardly say that I am more than a little shocked to find *The Illustrated London News* at variance with *The Sketch*, even upon so unimportant a matter as minor fiction. Yet I must admit, in a whisper, that the writer states his case plausibly. "During the ten years' rest," he says, "the people would be thrown back upon the great masters, and would discover with delightful surprise that those whose work is not for an age but for all time are the truly 'up-to-date' writers." That is a good point and well made; yet there is one flaw in the argument. For how does the writer know but that some of these minor novelists whom he would throw into chains for publishing their novels might not develop into great masters? Ought we not, rather, to nurture carefully their early offshoots, in the hope that they will eventually bring forth good fruit?



THE KING OF ITALY: SOME CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES

BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

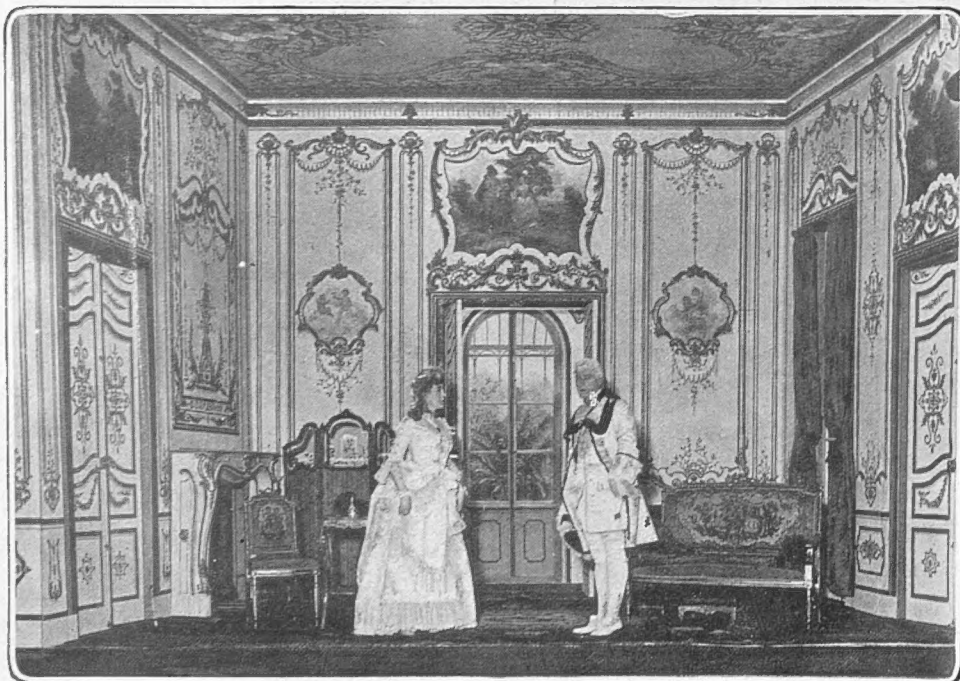
"Pro Fortunâ Domus"—Lord Rowton.

OF all the loves of a man's life, the love which undergoes the least change is the love he has for his old school, and there is no call which sends a man's hand more readily to his pocket than an appeal made on behalf of the institution which tried to knock some learning into his head, and which, if it failed to do that, at least sent him into the great world disciplined and chastened, fit to hold his own as a gentleman amongst gentlemen. Harrow was the big Public School at which I spent three happy years before I passed through Purgatory at a crammer's and then rose to the clearer atmosphere of a soldier's life, and Harrow always tugs very hard at my heart-strings.

How old Harrovians love their school was shown by the subscriptions which poured in for the War Memorial. The Headmaster asked for enough money to build a new aisle to the College chapel, and he was at once given nearly double what he had petitioned for. Encouraged by this, he and the Governors of the School, through their Chairman, Lord Spencer, are, like little Oliver Twist, asking for more, and they head their appeal with words which make an excellent rallying-cry, "Pro Fortunâ Domus"—a little change in the wording of the School motto which turns it from a contented statement into an appeal.

The foe which all Old Harrovians are called upon to combat is that octopus of brick-and-mortar which is stretching out its long, smoky tentacles over the country north of London. The streets of little houses are coming very close to where the playing-grounds draw a skirt of green round the classic Hill, and, if there is not a rally and a rescue, the view from the terrace before the chapel—that view which has set many a boy dreaming of things beautiful—will no longer be of green fields, but of crowded little streets. The fields behind "ducker" are for sale now, and, if the School can raise by subscription eighty thousand pounds, the jerry-builder can be kept at a distance. Of this amount, twenty-five thousand pounds has already been subscribed, one anonymous donor having promised twenty thousand pounds, and the School looks to her children for the rest. If the Old Harrovians do not save the situation, as they most undoubtedly will, the old School which Lyon set upon the Hill in the days of Good Queen Bess might have to move further afield, away from the clutches of a great city, and that would mean an immense loss of money and the abandonment of buildings which have a history and to which a myriad memories cling. "Et Fortuna nobis stabit" is the last line of one of the School songs, and it is for Old Harrovians to see that this comes true.

A very splendid Old Harrovian has passed away in Lord Rowton, and he was none the less a fine figure in the work of the world because he was one of the most modest and least pushing amongst men. He was, while Lord Beaconsfield lived, a perfect private secretary, and the Rowton Houses will each be a memorial to him as a philanthropist. I sometimes had the pleasure of chatting with him, and felt that charm of manner by which he captivated men of all classes. I have always believed that one great attraction to bring respectable young men into the ranks of our Army would be to give them some privacy in the life of the barrack-room, and this was a view identical with that of Lord Rowton. He said that, if the men who took a night's lodging at his houses could be trusted to behave like decent citizens each in his tiny room, the British soldier could be trusted in the same way.

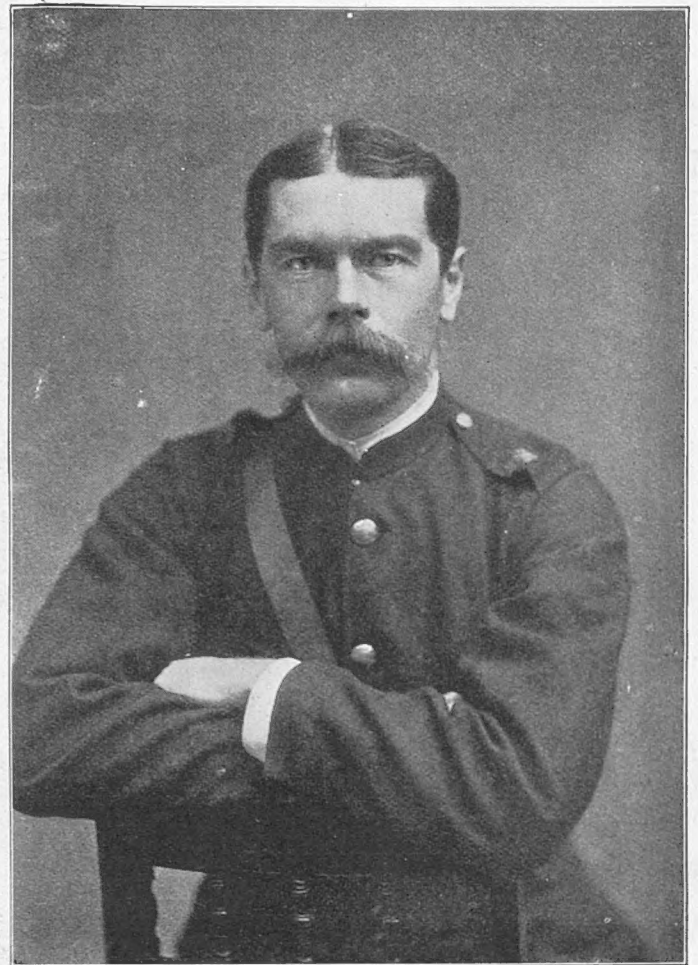


THEATRICALS AT SANDRINGHAM (NOV. 13): MR. LEWIS WALLER AND MISS GRACE LANE IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

Photograph by Mr. S. D. Breerton.

THE ACCIDENT TO LORD KITCHENER.

THE news that came from India reporting that Lord Kitchener had met with a serious accident while riding through a tunnel a mile or two from Simla, breaking both bones of his leg above the ankle, caused a sensation in London on Monday morning last. Frightened by a coolie, almost invisible in the darkness,



LORD KITCHENER, WHO MET WITH A SERIOUS ACCIDENT NEAR SIMLA ON SUNDAY LAST.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Lord Kitchener's horse became restive and collided with the side of the tunnel, twisting his rider's leg. The coolie bolted, and other coolies who, hearing there had been an accident, went to the tunnel, on gathering that the victim was Lord Kitchener, also fled, so the Commander-in-Chief lay on the ground for some time before he was discovered, when he was carried by natives into Simla. The latest bulletin reports that Lord Kitchener is cheerful and doing well.

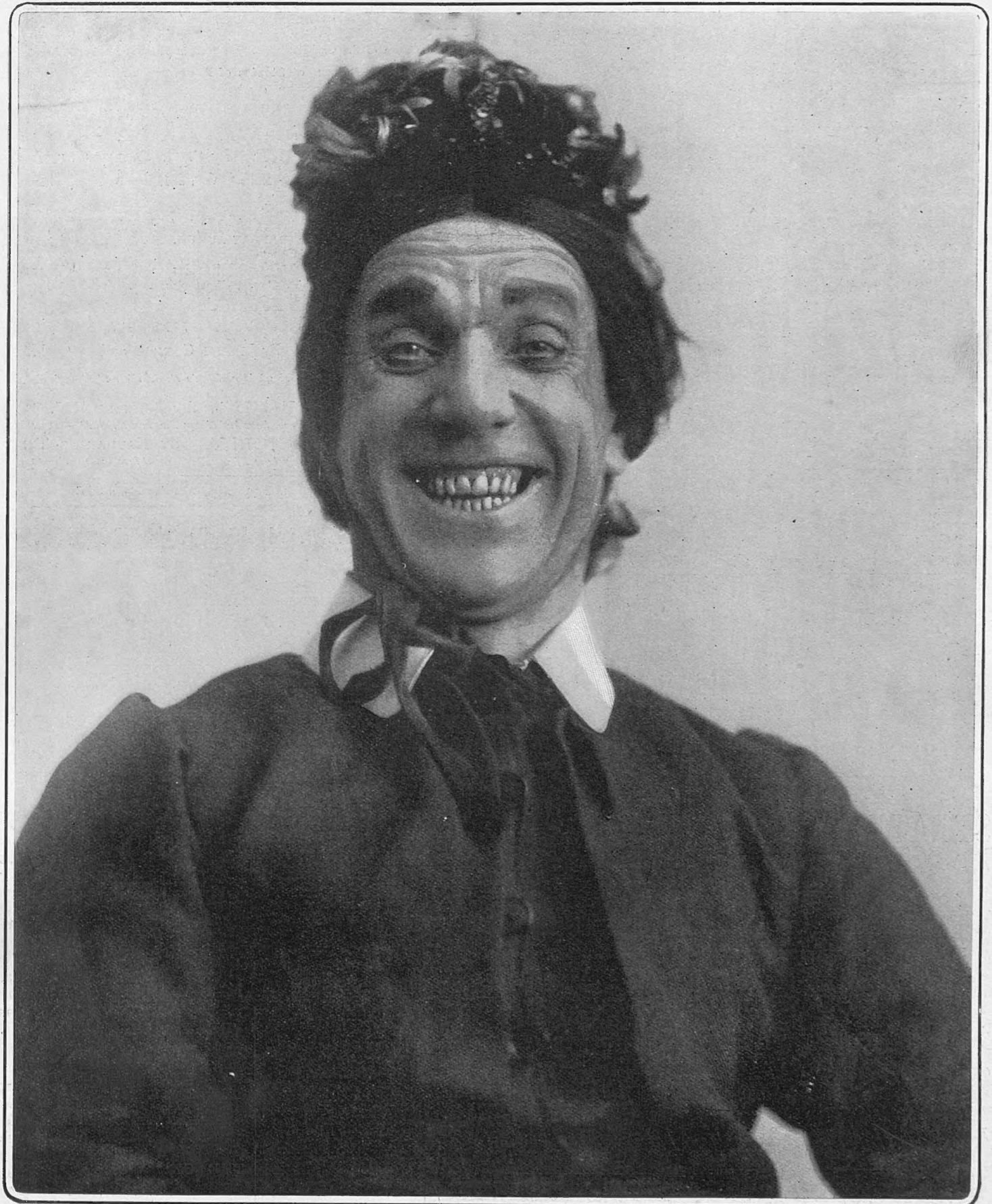
The exact way in which Mr. Maurice J. Comerford, Editor and part-proprietor of the *Stage*, met with the terrible accident which caused his death will probably never be known, for at the inquest the evidence was so conflicting that nothing definite could be gleaned. It seems that Mr. Comerford, while running through the thick of the traffic in Wellington Street to catch a 'bus, was knocked down and the wheels of either a van or a 'bus passed over his body. Mr. Comerford was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, and within seven hours died from his injuries. He was a genial, kindly-natured man, and the news of his sudden death shocked and saddened his many friends in stageland and elsewhere.

The Imperial Theatre was closed on Friday evening of last week, for Mr. Lewis Waller was, by command, playing the Comte de Candale in "A Marriage of Convenience" before their Majesties, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other Royalties at Sandringham. The performance took place in the ball-room, which was thronged by the Royal house-party, the ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and the King's Norfolk tenantry. Among those who took part in Mr. Grundy's piece were Mr. Thomas Kingston, Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. Frank Dyall, Mr. J. Byron, Miss Grace Lane, and Miss Kate Phillips.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King and Queen of Italy, our Royal guests, ought to appeal especially to the sentiment of the British people, for their marriage was a pure love-match, and it is well known that the Royal Families of Europe do not furnish an instance of a more united couple. King Victor Emmanuel, who was a delicate child, was brought up on what was supposed to be the English system, but which was much more Spartan than most English boys

would put up with. It was risky but successful. It made the puny Prince into a man strong in body and in mind, an omnivorous worker, and accustomed to all forms of outdoor sport. This love of sport Queen Elena shares to the full, and together they yacht and shoot and motor; but the King is so conscientious that he never allows amusement to interfere with his State duties. This endears him to his people, who are too democratic to stand a *roi fainéant*. On coming to the throne the King cut down his father's lavish household expenditure with a firm hand. An amusing story is told that one of the Royal cooks, indignant at having his perquisites reduced, appealed to the Queen, but got little sympathy, for Her Majesty told him that, even so, he would be receiving more than the Minister of War did in her country of Montenegro.

Italian Orders. When the King of Italy travels, he, like other Continental Sovereigns, takes with him a number of crosses for presentation to the officials of the Court he is visiting. There are five Orders in Italy, the oldest and most valuable being the Order of the Annunziata, which was created in 1362 by Amadeus VI, and is given to Royal personages and others who have done great service to Italy. The second Order is that of Saints Maurice and Lazare, founded in 1434 by Amadeus VIII. The other Orders all belong to the last century; they are the Military Order of Savoy, founded in 1814 by Victor Emmanuel I., which is really a sort of Victoria Cross; the Civil Order of Savoy, created in 1831 by Charles Albert of Sardinia; and, lastly, the Order of the Crown of Italy, which was founded in 1868 by Victor Emmanuel II. on the occasion of the marriage of King Humbert with Queen Margherita.

Mommsen Stories. Posthumous stories of Theodor Mommsen continue to come from Germany. They all have reference to the singular absent-mindedness of the great historian. One of the best of them dates from an incident which occurred not long ago. The Professor was engaged in his study in profound researches, and failed to notice the presence of his servant, who announced that his lunch was ready. The servant asked if he might bring the courses to the Professor, and, receiving no reply, laid the table near the writing-desk. Returning, ten minutes later, with some fish, the dishonest menial found the soup untouched. Thinking it too good to spoil, he sat down and finished soup and fish unobserved of the Professor. The remaining courses suffered similar fate. About an hour later, Mommsen looked up from his work, and, feeling a vacuum in his stomach, proceeded to the kitchen to ask why luncheon had not been served. "But the Professor had his luncheon an hour ago!" expostulated the servant. "Dear me!" said the historian of Rome; "how could I be so forgetful!" and returned peaceably to his study, where he continued working through the afternoon.

The betrothal of Prince Gustavus Adolphus, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, to the Duchess Cécile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin will shortly be announced officially, but, as yet, it is only known privately in Court circles at Stockholm. The Prince is just one-and-twenty and the Princess is but seventeen years of age. In 1898 the elder sister of the youthful bride-elect married the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark.

The Czar and the Policeman.

Motorists will be amused to hear of an adventure which befell the Czar when he was staying at Darmstadt a short time ago. The Czar was driving in a motor-car with Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia and the Grand Duke of Hesse, and, when passing through Bockenheim, a suburb of Frankfort, the car slipped on the greasy cobble-stones and came in contact with the wall of a house. Happily, no harm was done, but the car had hardly been backed into the road again when a policeman stopped it and demanded the name of the owner. The Czar replied, "I am the Emperor of Russia," and the policeman was so taken aback that he let the car go on without taking any further steps. The Czarina was much amused at the incident, and it is said that she has made the momentary arrest of the Czar the subject of one of her caricatures.



OUR ROYAL GUEST: QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY.

Photograph by Giacomo Brogi, Florence.

A November Bride. One of the prettiest of this month's weddings took place last week at St. Jude's Church, South Kensington, the bridegroom being Lord Stalbridge's eldest son and heir, and the bride pretty Miss Nixon. Some sensation was caused by the fact that, in addition to the orthodox white wedding-frock, the bridal costume was completed by a high diamond comb, which held the tulle veil. The bridesmaids wore quaint violet gowns, their gifts from the bridegroom taking the form of enamel violet brooches. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Grosvenor will be a pleasant addition to next Season's young couples, the more so that they are both very popular in Society.

The Royal Engagement. Even the most cynical dearly love a touch of true romance. Accordingly, the latest Royal engagement, that of the Princess of Wales's handsome youngest brother, Prince Alexander of Teck, and Princess Alice of Albany, has been learnt with sincere pleasure by the British people. The Prince was the Benjamin of his family, and, as such, most tenderly loved by his warm-hearted mother, the late Duchess of Teck. There are many touching references to him in her "Life," and it is pleasing to think with what cordial delight "good Princess Mary," as inhabitants of Kew and Richmond called her, would have welcomed the young bride-elect to her hearth. Princess Alice, so early fatherless, has always been regarded with peculiar interest by the public, the more so since it is known that she was one of Queen Victoria's best-loved grandchildren. She is a gentle, thoughtful-looking Royal maiden, and it is an open secret that she much prefers her native country to Germany, though, of course, of late years she and her mother have spent much of their lives in the pretty little Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The Irish Industries at Windsor. Windsor will be *en fête* in a double sense the whole of this week, for not only is the Royal Borough rejoicing in the presence of our own Sovereign, Queen Alexandra, and their Royal guests, but the

Irish Industries Sale, which opens to-morrow (19th), will bring to the favoured neighbourhood a perfect galaxy of Irish rank and beauty, headed by the accomplished Vice-Queen, Lady Dudley herself. It is expected that Queen Elena of Italy will make many purchases at the various stalls, and, in any case, Her Italian Majesty is certain to be deeply interested in the beautiful Irish lace, for she herself has done all in her power to encourage this same exquisite feminine industry in her adopted country. The sale has been arranged to take place in that world-famous hostelry the White Hart Hotel, which has had in

its day the honour of entertaining so many notable folk, and those Irish ladies who have worked so well and so hard on behalf of their national industries are expecting to have, from the pecuniary point of view, a record result.

A New Baronet. Sir Lees Knowles is worthy of the baronetcy which he has received. He is a hard-working Parliamentarian, interested in sanitation and other useful though dull subjects, and has done a good deal of work on Committees, a sort of service which fails to secure notoriety. He was also for a considerable number of years Parliamentary private secretary to Mr. Ritchie, who may have taught him how to pilot Bills through the House,

for both have been successful in that respect. Sir Lees Knowles is one of those fortunate men who are respected by opponents as well as by friends.

New Knights in Parliament.

Nobody can object to knighthoods being granted to Sir Ernest Flower and Sir Harry Samuel. Both have been connected with social work in the East-End of London. Both are faithful supporters of the Government. Sir Ernest Flower speaks frequently on non-Party topics, and, being amiable, he is liked by members on both sides. There are three Samuels in the House, but Sir Harry is the only one on the Conservative side, where he sits below the Gangway and takes a steady share in Parliamentary work.



MISS GLADYS NIXON.



THE HON. HUGH GROSVENOR.

MARRIED LAST WEEK AT ST. JUDE'S CHURCH, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK.

Photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.]

[Photograph by Knight and Son, Aldershot.

A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT.

THE GREAT IRISH INDUSTRIES SALE AT WINDSOR (Nov. 19-20).

QUEEN ALEXANDRA (CHIEF PATRONESS) AND SOME DISTINGUISHED STALL-HOLDERS.



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.
LADY CAREW.
THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN.

THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.
QUEEN ALEXANDRA.
LADY HELEN STAVORDALE.

THE COUNTESS OF MAYO.
THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.
THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

Society in the Nursery.

The cynic who lately remarked, "How the world changes—children have now become the fashion," never spoke a truer word in his life. In old days, great folk, including Royal personages, were accustomed, when coming to town, to leave their nurseries in country quarters. Such, for example, was the habit with Queen Victoria, and her many sons and daughters were scarcely known to the Londoner till they reached the years of discretion. Now, however, the mothers of Mayfair seem never happier than when accompanying their children to dancing-classes, gymnasiums, and parties specially devised to give small people pleasure.

The Queen as a Nursery Hostess.

Queen Alexandra is devoted to small boys and girls, and, as Princess of Wales, she started the fashion of entertaining her children's little friends at Marlborough House. There is a pretty account of one such juvenile gathering in the letters lately published of Madame Waddington, whose tiny son was on one occasion made very much at home by the beautiful and kindly hostess, who, seeing he was rather shy, drew him to her side and plied him with every kind of nursery delicacy.



MISS FELICITY ROMILLY, DAUGHTER OF LADY ARABELLA ROMILLY.

Photograph by Beresford.

The King of the Nursery.

Prince Edward of Wales, his brothers, and his charming little sister are the rulers of the nursery kingdom. They often have occasion to do the honours of their home to their small relations and contemporaries, the last important occasion on which they were seen in this pleasing rôle being at the children's party which was one of the first functions given by Her Majesty after she had become installed at Buckingham Palace. On this occasion were present all the baby folk of Mayfair and Belgravia, as well as the Royal denizens of Marylebone, the Ladies Duff and the pretty little children of the Duchess of Teck.

A Charming Branch of Art.

The fact that children are once more the fashion has been turned to great advantage both by the painters of the day and by the leading photographers. Miss Alice Hughes, the clever daughter of the portrait-painter to whom the world owes so many delightful presentments of the Queen and of her three daughters, was the first photographer to discover the great possibilities which lay in the graceful grouping of beautiful mothers and fair children. Where she led, many others followed, and of these it may be doubted if any one has been so successful as has Mr. Speaight, who might well style himself the "Portrait Laureate of the Nursery."

Miss Felicity Romilly.

Among the group of charming débutantes who form so important a part of twentieth-century Society few are more picturesque in general appearance than the quaintly named Miss Felicity Romilly, the

daughter of Lady Arabella Romilly, Lady Elgin's pretty sister, who is noted for her literary gifts and her really wonderful needlework. Through her father, Miss Romilly is descended from the famous Sir Samuel Romilly who did so much in the various causes of freedom, including the Abolition of Slavery and Religious Emancipation. Miss Romilly shares her mother's interest in beautiful and artistic things. Her great hobby is the collecting of "Joanics," or cottage pottery, and she has some very valuable as well as peculiar examples in her delightful country home, Huntington Park, Herefordshire.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

To succeed Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain as hostess of the Colonial Office can be no easy task, but already Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton has shown herself more than equal to it, for who can doubt that the valiant fight she made on behalf of her distinguished husband, who was at the time lying ill and disabled, won him Leamington? Those who had the pleasure—and it was a pleasure—of hearing Mrs. Lyttelton make what was, we believe, her maiden speech in her husband's constituency, were delighted with the freshness and charm of her



THE HON. MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON, WIFE OF THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

utterances, and the modest and yet capable way in which she acquitted herself in what must have been a very critical ordeal. Mrs. Lyttelton, long before there was any idea that her husband would succeed Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary, took a very keen personal interest in the Colonies. She has done all in her power to encourage suitable feminine emigration to South Africa, and she was one of the most active promoters of the Ladies' Empire Club. Few people are aware that Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton is one of the many women in Society who have published books. Some years ago, she wrote a pretty little story and signed it "Edith Hamlet"—no doubt, in punning reference to her distinguished husband's name.

The Hero of Bitche. Those who are old enough to remember the incidents of the Franco-Prussian War will recall the heroic defence of the little fortress of Bitche, in Lorraine, by its French garrison. The siege and bombardment of the place were begun on Sept. 10, 1870, by the Bavarians, and the town was knocked to pieces in a very short time. But in the fort, which was almost impregnable, Lieutenant Mondelli, who has just died at Olivet, near Orleans, held out all through the war with General Teyssier, who then commanded the town. Lieutenant Mondelli twice passed through the enemy's lines and returned to the fort unhurt. The first time, he brought a considerable sum of money into the place, and the second time he returned with an order from the Government in Paris to surrender the fortress to the Prussians. This was on March 23, 1871, two months after Paris had fallen, and one month after the preliminaries of peace had been signed.

The "People's" Joseph.

Mr. Hatton, Editor of the *People*, is a little, sturdy man, dark, with hair turning grey, and not unlike Mr. John Burns in general aspect. Few journalists and authors have done more work than Mr. Hatton—always affectionately known as "Joe" to his troops of friends. He



MR. JOSEPH HATTON, EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE."

comes from Derbyshire—his father was the founder of the *Derbyshire Times*—and his affection for the Peak county can be traced in many of his novels. In times past he has edited the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Sunday Times*, while for years he represented the *New York Times* and the *Sydney Morning Herald* in Europe. But he is best known, perhaps, for his "Cigarette Papers" in the *People* and for his novels and plays. Thus, he dramatised his own novel, "Clytie," and he also wrote a successful version of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" for the stage. Of his novels, undoubtedly the best-known is "By Order of the Czar." Mr Hatton is a lifelong friend of Mr. J. L. Toole, whose *Reminiscences* he edited.

An Irish Countess. One of the most charming of new-century Peeresses is the young Countess of Leitrim, the grand-daughter of the venerable Lord Leicester, and before her



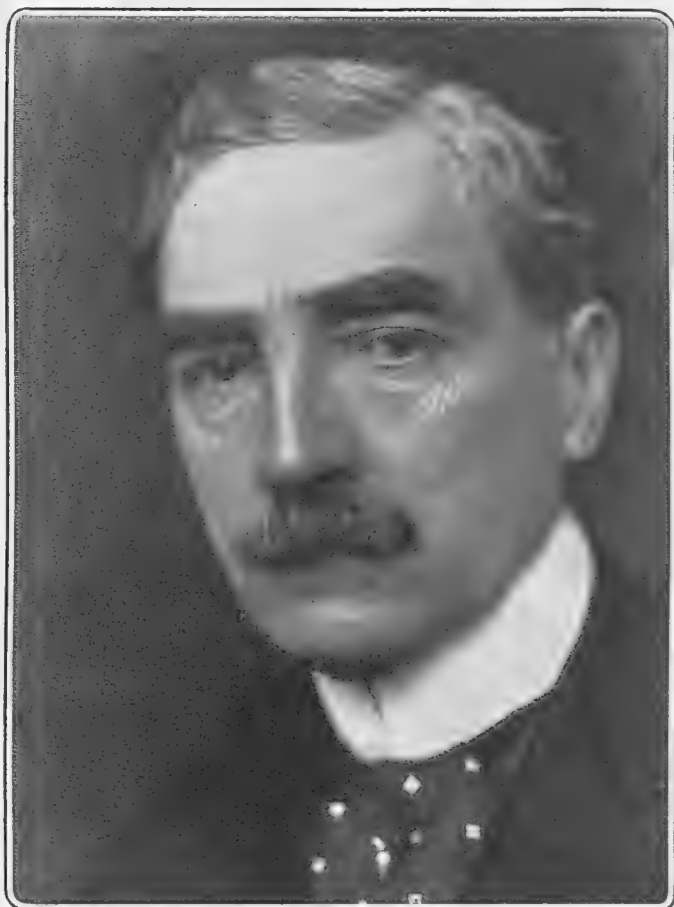
THE COUNTESS OF LEITRIM.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

marriage—that is, as Miss Violet Henderson—she was one of the prettiest débutantes of her year. The marriage of Lord and Lady Leitrim took place just a year ago, and was followed after a short interval by the very serious illness of the bride, who fell a victim to that awful modern scourge, diphtheria. Now, however, that she is quite recovered, it is probable that she will play a leading rôle in Irish Society. She has become exceedingly attached to her adopted country, and, it is said, suggested to her young husband the excellent idea of a motor-car service across North Donegal to Mulroy Bay. Lord Leitrim's country home, Mulroy House, is built on the shores of this lovely fiord, which lies several miles inland from the Atlantic and boasts of some of the finest scenery in Ireland.

London's Head-Policeman.

Mr. Edward Richard Henry, C.S.I., London's Commissioner of Police, has crammed a good deal of useful police-work into his fifty-three years. As the letters after his name indicate to the initiated, he has had that Indian experience which was so useful to his predecessor, Sir Edward Bradford. He arrived in India just thirty years ago, and was almost immediately put on some particularly grim famine-duty, his chief being Sir Antony (then plain Mr.) MacDonnell, who is now a powerful official at Dublin Castle. He got his great chance in 1891,



MR. E. R. HENRY, C.S.I., CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Photograph by Beresford.

when he was appointed Inspector-General of Police in Bengal. Here he gathered his unique knowledge of the finger-print system of identifying old gaol-birds which is understood to have already aroused much indignation in leading criminal circles in London. While on leave from India, Mr. Henry was "lent" to the Colonial Office, and went out to South Africa to organise under Lord Milner's eye a Town Police for Johannesburg and Pretoria. It was only in May 1900 he succeeded Sir Robert Anderson as Assistant-Commissioner at Scotland Yard, so that his promotion has been quick. Among those who know, Mr. Henry has a kind of Sherlock Holmes reputation; but, however that may be, he certainly knows how to win the confidence, and even the affection, of his subordinates.

The New Austrian Ambassador.

The new Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London is to be Count Albert von Mensdorff-Pouilly Dietrichstein, who is already a great favourite in London Society. He is a dark man of middle-height, always very well dressed and groomed, and a thoroughly witty man-of-the-world. Count Albert, who is forty-two years of age, began his Diplomatic career in Paris, and was then transferred to London, and, after passing some time at the St. Petersburg Embassy, returned to London for the second time as Secretary of Embassy. He is a connection of King Edward, for his grandmother, the Princess Sophie of Coburg-Saalfeld, Countess of Mensdorff-Pouilly, was the sister of the Duchess of Kent, the mother of Queen Victoria.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS. Although the members of the Paris Stock Exchange complain, as members of Stock Exchanges all the world over invariably do complain, that the year is the worst they ever knew, that there is nothing doing, and that the business each day would not keep a kitten, the Paris Boursiers have found the original building, somewhat grandiloquently called the



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.—RUPERT C. W. BUNNY.
Exhibited in the Paris Autumn Salon.

"Palais de la Bourse," too small for them, and have built out to get more space. The newly built wings have not only greatly added to the comfort of the Paris Boursiers, but they have done away with the church-like appearance of the former Bourse, which made provincial Roman Catholics wonder what noisy worshippers were in the temple when they came casually on it without knowing what it was. Of course, it was built as an imitation of Vespasian's Temple; but stocks and shares were not dealt in—officially, at all events—in the original, and in the Bourse the incongruity was striking.

There has been quite a storm in a tea-cup here in Paris over the claim put forward by General François de Bourbon, Duc d'Anjou, to the French throne. Of course, there isn't any French throne now; and, if there were, it seems that the Duke of Anjou would have no claim to it, being descended from Philippe V., who solemnly renounced all claims a long while since to any such succession. But the claim proper—or improper—has not been responsible for the small storm which has arisen. That was whipped up by the Duke-General's Committee, which, feeling itself too unimportant, paid visits to a number of the leading Opposition politicians here, and got their signatures under false pretences, which signatures were afterwards added to the ducal manifesto as those of adherents to the cause. The trial of M. Paul Déroulède before the Haute Cour is not yet forgotten, and nobody can blame M. Lasies and his friends for saying, "Please, we didn't do it," in the Chamber. It was, perhaps, a trifle unkind of them to suggest that the sham Committee had been formed expressly for the purpose of entrapping them into a damaging and treasonable move, and that, perhaps, the Government knew more about the manifesto of the Duke-General than they cared to disclose; but, after all, even such traps as this have been laid in French politics before. I have a recollection of the discovery of a bomb in Prefect Andrieux's day, which blew up (metaphorically) a number of good people of whom the Government of that day did not quite approve.

The Autumn Salon in the Petit Palais has caused considerable excitement among those of the older painters who have made a name themselves and shrug their shoulders at the originality of youth. Like all new efforts, the new Salon has received a good deal of criticism, but it has opened under difficulties of all kinds with extraordinary success, and has been an undoubted achievement. The

notion of pictures in a basement is peculiar, but the organisers of the Salon could find no other place for it within the measure of their purse, and, as it is, the lighting of the vault in which the pictures are is costing them four pounds an hour. No trifling matter for a youthful institution.

Perhaps the chief charm of the exhibition is the contingent of the foreigners. M. Gropeano, a painter from Hungary of no mean gifts, who has himself contributed a very fine portrait of Alfred Naquet, has organised this section, and has succeeded in grouping together a number of works by foreign artists of real value, one of which, "A Jewish Marriage," by Josef Israels, the veteran painter of The Hague, is of itself quite a sufficient excuse for a visit. Another picture which is much admired, and which I am enabled to reproduce in *The Sketch*, is the portrait of a woman by Mr. Rupert C. W. Bunny, a young Australian whose "Femme Nue avec une Rose" attracted some attention last spring at the Salon des Beaux-Arts.

ROME. To celebrate the birthday of King Edward VII., Sir Francis Bertie, His Majesty's Ambassador in Rome, invited to dinner numerous members of the British Colony. Sir Francis Bertie is very popular here, and both he and the Ambassadors are very highly appreciated by the Italians. Now that Lady Feodorowna Bertie has quite recovered from her serious illness, it is hoped that the British Embassy may be the scene of much bright entertainment during the present season.

Count Spina of Rimini has just had a most exciting experience in an automobile. His cook had, he suspected, made away with a sum of two hundred and eighty pounds, which he had found in his master's study. He taxed him with the theft, but the man denied it absolutely. Later on in the day, the cook did not return from the town after his usual shopping; this confirmed the Count's suspicions. He jumped into his automobile, taking with him three policemen, and drove as hard as he could towards the frontier. There he caught up the diligence, and in it found Guglielmo Cecchetti, his cook, and all the property which had been stolen.

General Bogdanovitch, who has been staying at Bari, in Apulia, the town in which lie the remains of the saint, St. Nicholas, so dear to all the members of the orthodox Russian Church, has offered the enormous sum of two million two hundred thousand francs for the bones of that saint. It is said that he was commissioned to make this bid for the bones by no less a person than the Emperor of Russia himself. Naturally, the town of Bari refused to part with its honoured possession. General Bogdanovitch at the same time mentioned that the Emperor of Russia would probably pay a visit to Bari in the course of next spring. To this, however, no great attention is paid in political circles. Were the Emperor to come to Italy at all, he would have to pay a visit to Rome itself. Were he not to do so, he would give great offence to the patriotic Italians.



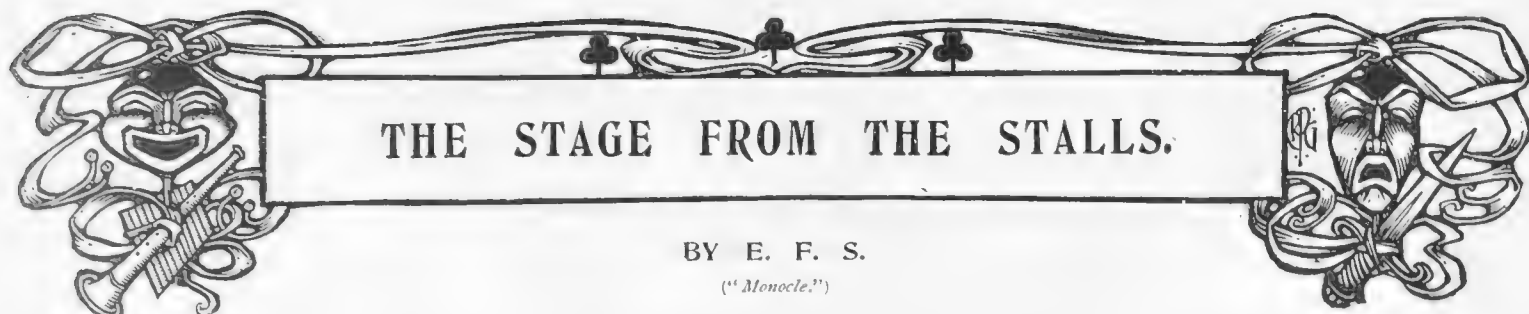
"ÉTUDE DE NU."—P. J. BRACQUEMOND.
Exhibited in the Paris Autumn Salon.



"A London Magistrate suggests that Policemen should take lessons in elocution."—DAILY PAPER.

P.C. E-F 2 (after a course of Shakspeare): Out upon thee for an arrant knave! Get thee hence, or, by my halidom, I'll crack thy sorry pate!

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE GERMAN PLAYS AND BALLET-SKIRTS.

IT may be a little disappointing to find the German Theatre dropping from Sudermann's comedy to Fulda's farce, "Kaltwasser," not because the latter is a poor farce, but for the reason that "Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates" is a really fine comedy. Good farce may be admirable work of art—who has forgotten the Pinero farces?—but, of course, does not reach the dignity of comedy. For us a farce—or, to be fairer, farcical comedy—such as "Kaltwasser" is a double joy. We laugh with it and at it. The piece entertains, the players amuse, and the types interest. Herr Carl Leisner, an able actor, presents very cleverly the Teutonic lady-killer who fascinates all women and is attracted by all; but what a type! Sleek hair parted down the middle, beard, moustache, and no whiskers, a perky manner, and a habit, the moment he sees a pretty woman, of coming embarrassingly close to her, and, to use a common phrase, talking under her nose; clothes without a touch of style; yet he is deadly to the doctor's handsome wife, rather neglected because of the husband's excessive interest in his sanatorium; dangerous to the pretty French maid, and almost fatal to the fashionable Anna Sachs, to say nothing of his success with his own wife, Minna, who had divorced him on account of his amiable weakness. The character is what one might call a "Charlie" Hawtreypart, or one such as those in which Wyndham used to delight us when the Criterion Theatre was supposed to be rather naughty. The lady-killer is by no means the only curious and interesting type, nor was Herr Leisner's the only clever acting. Indeed, I think the quieter, humorous work of Herr Horst, as the doctor negligent of his pretty wife, was finer. The wife, I may add, wore a regular eye-opening dress in the first Act. The Company throughout acted with spirit, and one may well praise the playing of the ladies: Eugénie Pross, Elsa Steele, Cela Enrici, and Emma Frühling.

The revival of the discussion in the French Press about the length of ballet-skirts raises an interesting question. The decline in favour of the ballet is indisputable. The number of people in this city who could give the name even of a single living ballet-dancer is small. The name of Cléo de Mérode is, of course, well known because of her beauty and of the Falguière statue, and not on account of her quality as dancer, which is not remarkable. All have heard of Otero; Carmencita's name cannot die because of the superb Sargent picture; and Tortajada has been heard of by many; but these ladies keep aloof from ballet, nor have they appeared here in the costume of the *prima ballerina*. Indeed, I doubt whether, in the ordinary drawing-room of Society, more than a small percentage of people could name a single living dancer who appears habitually in the costume sometimes described as suggesting a pair of braces and a sunshade, as an inverted wine-glass, a mushroom, and the like, although we have had for several years, and still enjoy, the work of Mdlle. Adeline Genée, an orthodox ballet-dancer of immense ability, whose name in earlier days would have been a household word. At first sight, the reason seems obvious. In the days when everyone talked of Taglioni, Lucille Grahn, Cerito, Fanny Elssler, or Carlotta Grisi, the ballet formed an important, some might say the important, feature of the opera. Modern operas rarely introduce a ballet. Therefore, it might be assumed that the decay of the old type of Italian opera led to that of the ballet.

This explanation is not really correct. The reign of the ballet was over ere that of modern opera began; even in days when the name of Wagner was accursed, the names of the current queens of the dance were of little weight. Indeed, the palmy days were before the Crimean War. Moreover, the change in public taste which brought about the decline of the old type of Italian opera and the regrettable downfall of the singers capable, unlike most of the moderns, of singing it properly, did not necessarily involve a change in attitude towards the ballet, which, I fancy, might still flourish outside the Alhambra and the Empire but that an alteration in tradition has taken place. It will be said that ballet is popular, and that, indeed, with these two great houses constantly at work and the pantomime, we have more ballet than even in the golden days; but it may be remarked that very often, as in the present Alhambra ballet and in some of the best at the Empire, what one may call conveniently—and inaccurately—classic ballet-dancing has no part. Observation and inquiry have convinced me that many of those who take interest in these ballets do not care about the work of even such a brilliant dancer as Genée when she is dressed in her short skirts and giving *pirouettes*, *entrechats*, and wonderful steps on tip-toes.

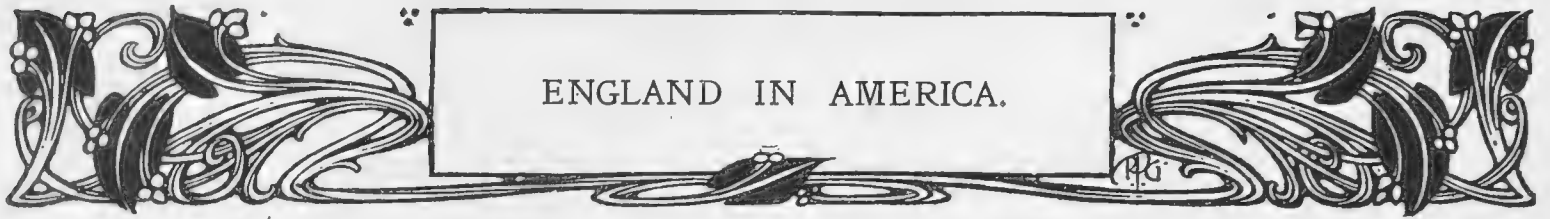
Now the view I have been aiming at is this: The dancer has destroyed interest in her work by trying to astound rather than to please. She has shortened her skirt in order to get greater freedom for violent movement and to exhibit the technical skill of her work. It is probable that none of those whom our fathers worshipped could have accomplished such extraordinary feats in dancing as those of Mdlle. Genée, just as, on the other hand, it is certain that only two or three living singers could succeed in perfect performance of the astounding vocal gymnastics of the old Italian singers. Unfortunately, in aiming at the wonderful the dancers have lost the graceful. Drawings that I have before me of the dancers I have named show that in the dresses they wore these ladies formed graceful figures, that their skirts and petticoats followed the lines of their movements and draped flowingly. The "poetry of motion" was a reasonable phrase when applied to them. One may quote on this topic a passage from a once-famous book: "The other beauties belonging to this dance are . . . all which together displays the greatest variety of movement in serpentine lines." On the other hand, to those who, like the modern *première danseuse*, have an almost rectangular, stiff skirt sticking out and separating one-half of them from the other, one may apply another sentence from the same work: "But the less they consist of serpentine or waving lines the lower are they in the estimation of dancing-masters; for, as has been shown, when the form of the body is divested of its serpentine lines it becomes ridiculous as a human figure."

You have but to watch any ballet-dancer, even the admirable Genée, walking on or off in full battle-costume, to see someone ridiculous as a human figure and horribly ungraceful; and when she dances, this species of lamp-shade, this mushroom growth, this champagne-glass, this exaggerated, misplaced ruffle, this half-orange, this abbreviated crinoline, constantly contradicts her movements. Its shortness gives you, no doubt, a full view of the mechanism of the dance, and a fine study of muscles, and leaves her great freedom, though less than that of the almost extinct male dancers; but grace has gone; to the uninitiated, even the fact that there is an esoteric meaning to her conventional movements is unknown, and there seems truth in the simple words I heard on the first-night of "Vineland" concerning her dancing: "I suppose it's very wonderful, like those acrobat fellows, but I don't call it dancing." The truth seems that Technique, the deadly enemy always lurking round every branch of art, has had its triumph: it destroyed Gothic architecture, it has ruined classic dancing. Just as some women dress not to please men but to displease other women, and to excite envy, hatred, and malice, not love, so the ballet-dancer accomplishes marvellous movements not to charm the man in the stalls or pit, but to crush her rivals—perhaps, this is unfair, and one should say she seeks the applause of the learned in her art, and not the enjoyment of those to whom her *arabesques*, her *ronds de jambes*, *entrechats*, *pirouettes*, and *tutti quanti* are nameless wonders.

It was not by this kind of thing that the dancers of the past won their fame and have left immortal names. Mdlle. Sallé, who worked a reform in costume—temporary, no doubt—not only for the ballet but the opera itself; Sallé, the friend of the formidable John Locke, of Montesquieu, of Fontenelle, of Voltaire, detested violent movements. See the result: immortality in Voltaire's lines comparing her with the famous "La Camargo"—

Ah, Camargo, que vous êtes brillante!
Mais que Sallé, grand-Dieu, est ravissante!
Que vos pas sont légers que les siens sont doux!
Elle est inimitable et vous êtes nouvelle.
Les Nymphes dansent comme vous,
Et les Grâces dansent comme elle.

It will be answered that Mdlle. Genée is really popular. This I admit, assert with pleasure; but the popularity is due to her grace and charm in what she considers less ambitious dancing. See how her own words condemn her: "It is perfectly true that in 'The Milliner-Duchess' I wore modern dress, but in that ballet I confined myself to easy and simple steps, the very ease and simplicity of which served to commend them to the public." It was not the ease or simplicity of the steps that pleased the public, but the grace and charm with which she invested them: a grace and charm at the command only of great dancers, and heightened in her case by—indeed, dependent on—the plastic costume.



MISS DELIA MASON,
AT PRESENT TOURING THROUGH THE UNITED STATES IN "A COUNTRY GIRL."
Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XXXIV.—COMPTON WYNYATES.

FAR away from town or village, lying snugly in a hollow below Edgehill, surrounded with picturesque woods, stands the historic old manor-house of the Compton family. Geographically, the house is situated some twelve miles south-east of Stratford-on-Avon, and six miles from Kineton, the home of Lord Willoughby de Broke's hounds, a pack known as "The Warwickshire."



COMPTON WYNYATES, WARWICKSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON:
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

The house is built with a quadrangle a hundred and fifty feet square, which is approached through a gateway in the centre of the west front. Over this gateway are the Arms of Henry VIII., and on either side appears the Tudor Rose. In the spandrels are the badges of Catherine of Aragon and of Henry VIII. It is presumed that at one time this entrance had a drawbridge; but, if so, there is now no trace of one. The old oak door still remains, bearing the marks of the rough treatment it received from the Cavaliers and Roundheads in those troublous times. One of the principal charms of this old house is the tone of the brickwork and the stone, now thickly covered with moss. The chimneys, too, are wonderful in their varying and graceful design.

Prior to the reign of Edward III. the Comptons were settled in the district, but it was in Henry the Eighth's time that William Compton built the house which is here depicted. He was one of the King's favourites, and received in consequence many kingly gifts, amongst which was Fulbroke Park and Castle. It was from the materials of this old castle, which he pulled down in 1509, that he built Compton Wynyates, and here it was that he entertained his Sovereign, King Henry VIII.

The first Baron Compton was a grandson of the builder of Compton Wynyates, and was so created in 1572 by Queen Elizabeth. He was succeeded by his son William, of whom an interesting story is told, as follows—

Falling deeply in love with a daughter of a wealthy London merchant, Sir John Spencer by name, the course of their love ran anything but smoothly, owing to the dislike shown by Sir John to Lord Compton. Finding him utterly deaf to all appeals to grant his consent to the betrothal of the young couple, Lord Compton determined to get his own way in spite of everything. He thereupon bribed a baker to allow him to deliver the bread at Sir John's house at Canonbury. Having emptied the huge basket of the loaves, he managed to get his lady-love into the basket, which he promptly carried off. Meeting Sir John on his way out, and not being recognised owing to his disguise, Sir John actually presented him with sixpence as a reward for his early rising, telling him that this was the secret of success. What Sir John's feelings were when the flight was discovered may be imagined, but by this time his daughter was Lady Compton. Queen Elizabeth, hearing of the affair, was greatly interested, as she thoroughly enjoyed anything of a romantic nature, and this was an adventure after her own heart,

She it was that undertook to make peace with Sir John, who had immediately disinherited his daughter. Queen Elizabeth one day asked Sir John to stand sponsor with her for a child, and made him promise to adopt it. This, of course, was his own grandchild, and thus it was that at his death, in 1610, his vast wealth came to the Comptons. On the visit of James I. to Compton Wynyates, in 1618, the then Lord Compton was created Earl of Northampton, and in 1812 a Marquisate was conferred on the ninth Earl in recognition of his valuable services.

The house in the days of Charles I. was strongly defended by a moat and was garrisoned for the King. The Parliamentary forces under Major Bridges besieged the house for three days, taking it on June 9, 1644. In January the following year, Sir Charles and Sir William Compton came from Banbury and made a night attack on the house, but they were badly repulsed by the Roundheads. It was not till the third Earl of Northampton had paid a heavy fine that the estates were regained by the family.

Within the house, the principal rooms are the dining-room, with its Chippendale chimney-piece; the chapel, entered from the quadrangle, the stained glass from which is now preserved in the Chapel and Library of Balliol College, Oxford; and the morning-room, with, next to it, the Great Staircase, leading to King Charles's Room. The drawing-room is over the dining-room, the panellings having been brought from the before-mentioned Sir John Spencer's house at Canonbury.

Leading out of the drawing-room is the chapel drawing-room, a large family pew directly facing the south window of the chapel. There is also Henry the Seventh's Bedroom, close to which is a secret chamber. The Council Chamber is situated in the Tower, from which three staircases ascend, designed for a quick retreat in troublous times. In a closet opening out of the room is a well-hole communicating with a secret way that leads to another part of the house. There is also the Priests' Room, which is likewise approached by the three staircases; this is a chapel in the roof used by the Roman Catholics of the district during the days of religious persecution.

This, then, is the beautiful old Warwickshire home of the Comptons, a family of which Sir John Dugdale says: "Touching this family, which assumed the surname from the lordship of Compton, county Warwick, certain I am it is very ancient, for of the name there were some in the same county in King Henry the Second's time." The present owner of Compton Wynyates is William George Spencer Scott Compton, fifth Marquis of Northampton, who was born in 1851 and married the only daughter of the second Lord Ashburton. Originally in the Diplomatic Service, he was also Private Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (Earl Cowper), and represented the Barnsley Division in Parliament from 1889 till 1897. His heir is Earl Compton, who was born in 1885.

L. B. W.



THE OLD-FASHIONED FLOWER-GARDEN.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



WEST FRONT OF COMPTON WYNVATES: ENTRANCE-GATE
LEADING TO THE QUADRANGLE.



THE GARDEN-FRONT WITH ANCIENT SUN-DIAL IN THE
FOREGROUND.



A NEAR VIEW, SHOWING THE ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY OF THE BUILDING.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

PRE-EMINENT among the services which the Colonies render the Mother Country is the way in which they dedicate the genius of their sons to her service. Dr. Frederic H. Cowen is a



"MY METHODS OF COMPOSITION? CERTAINLY."

notable example of this. A son of Jamaica, his name is indissolubly bound up with the great advance we made in music during the later years of the nineteenth century, an advance which has done much to disprove the oft-repeated cry that we are not a musical nation.

As a creative musician, Dr. Cowen's name is one of those used to conjure with among the pre-eminent composers of our time. The rank accorded to him by musicians is no less considerable than the fame he has won as a song-writer among the ballad-loving people of the world, or the esteem in which he is held as a conductor.



"FIG. 1. WRITING AT DESK."

England's prodigies, it is said, rarely retain in later life the genius of their early years. Dr. Cowen is an exception to the rule. Not only was he a child pianist whose playing attracted considerable

attention for its skill and mastery of technique, but he was a composer whose first work was actually published when he was six. This was "The Minna Waltz."

Frederic Cowen was so small at the time that he could not reach the notes sitting on an ordinary stool, so he had to stand up in order to play. He was unable, too, at the time to write music, and someone wrote down the notes as he played them.

When he was seven he published "The Pet Polka" and "The Daisy Waltz," and, speaking of him, *Punch* humorously wrote, "This young gentleman must be a prodigy far in advance of his time, and must put old Cocker's nose completely out of joint, for he notably proves, in spite of all the numbers which that elderly gentleman can bring forward to outvote the fact, that seven can make a score!"

It must not be supposed, however, that, because of his extraordinary musical genius, the lad was an abnormal boy in any way. On the contrary, he possessed the healthiest possible instincts, and it is an amusing tradition in the family that, if at tea-time he was sent to the piano, he



"FIG. 2. TRYING OVER ON PIANO."

would howl lustily to get back to the muffins and crumpets in which his childish soul delighted, however detrimental they might be to his digestion. At eight years of age he composed an operetta in two Acts, "Garibaldi; or, The Rival Patriots," which was dedicated to the late Earl of Dudley, to whom his father was at that time secretary, and who exhibited the warmest interest in the welfare and advancement of the young musician.

So extraordinary was the ability shown by the child that Lord Dudley had him placed under the late Sir Julius Benedict and Sir John Goss for pianoforte and harmony respectively.

Nothing more striking could be observed than the boy's attitude towards his two masters. He regarded Benedict's lessons with an emotion not far removed from fear, while Goss's lessons were a keen joy, to which something was, no doubt, added by the delightfully humorous letters which he used to receive from his master.

It was probably about this time that Frederic Cowen's first song was sold to a publisher, for when he was eleven he

received five guineas for "My Beautiful, My Best." At this time, too, he gave a pianoforte recital in the concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, with which his father was connected, and the newspapers



"FIG. 3. CORRECTING."

spoke in extremely favourable terms of his performance, which was rendered more notable in that all his contributions to the programme, with a single exception, were played from memory, an almost unheard-of feat in those days. That concert was marked by a humorous event. Mr. and Mrs. Cowen, when they came from Jamaica, brought with them their little son's coloured nurse. She naturally went to the concert, and when the thunders of applause which recalled the lad to the platform had died away, she, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, exclaimed, in the pride of her heart,



"FIG. 4. REAPING THE HONOUR AND GLORY."

"That's my boy," to the amusement of all the people sitting near her.

When he was thirteen the second competition for the Mendelssohn Scholarship was held. Young Cowen went up for

LXVIII.—DR. FREDERIC H. COWEN.

it, and was told he had a good chance of winning it. As, however, the Scholarship Committee declared that the winner must be entirely under their control, Dr. Cowen's parents decided to withdraw him at the last moment. He went to Leipzig and subsequently to Berlin, where he first had the opportunity of conducting at the students' concerts, and there he also played before the late Empress Frederick.

At seventeen Dr. Cowen wrote his first symphony, which was performed at St. James's Hall and met with such extraordinary success that a musical firm approached him with a view to publishing all his works during the next three years. The symphony was followed by "The Rose Maiden," Dr. Cowen's first cantata, which was sung by such artists as the late Mesdames Titiens and Patey as soloists, the bâton being in the hand of the composer himself. Soon after this, Dr. Cowen entered into an engagement with Mr. Mapleson to be accompanist and chorus-master to the Italian Opera Company, an engagement which lasted for seven or eight years and gave him a great



"PERHAPS YOU CAN PERSUADE MY MOTHER
TO GRACE YOUR PAGES."

in speaking of such examples of his genius as "Snowflakes," "A Song of Morning," "Is my lover on the sea?" and similar work, says, "They are truly beautiful specimens of their kind. Their exquisite refinement, sincerity of feeling, and minuteness of detail make of them works of more than transient interest."

Much as he has done for music as a composer, he has done no less as a conductor. To this labour he at present devotes half his life, the winter months from October until April being given to the societies whose music he directs. They are the London Philharmonic, the Liverpool Philharmonic, two societies in Bradford, and the Scottish Orchestra, which practically extends over the whole of Scotland, as branches exist in all the chief cities.

The result of giving up the winter to conducting is that only the spring and summer are left for composing and recreation. When he once settles down to work, Dr. Cowen sticks at it all the time, for he finds that he has to live in his music, and cannot do a little one day and nothing



"LET ME SHOW YOU MY PHIL MAY ORIGINALS.
SOME OF THESE APPEARED IN 'THE SKETCH.'"



"'CHIN' AND 'SPOT' NEED NO PERSUASION."



"AND ALSO IN ESCAPING FROM
PHOTOGRAPHERS."

taste for operatic work. It inspired, too, an ambition to become the conductor of the Italian Opera, an ambition not realised, for in those days he was considered too young for the position, which in every other way he was fully qualified to fill. Proof of this he gave very shortly after, when he was offered the conductorship of a season of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, in which he made a marked success.

It was about this time, too, that his famous "Scandinavian Symphony," which probably remains, from the public point of view, the most popular of all his works, was produced, though he himself would, were he asked, probably place his "Phantasy of Life and Love" and his "Ode to the Passions" on a higher plane from the musical point of view. Of symphonies Dr. Cowen has composed six, four operas, a dozen oratorios and cantatas, to say nothing of overtures, suites, a good deal of chamber-music, part-songs, duets, and about three hundred songs. As a song-writer, indeed, his record is probably unexcelled, and some of his songs, like "The Better Land" and "It was a dream," have achieved a world-wide popularity, while one of his critics,



"THERE IS A CERTAIN ART, YOU KNOW,
IN USING A WATERING-CAN."

the next. He begins at ten o'clock in the morning and works till lunch, after which he rests for a while, and, perhaps, goes for a spin on his bicycle, a form of exercise in which he takes special delight. He then returns to his desk till dinner, and after dinner writes all the evening. The piano at which Dr. Cowen tries everything he has had during the whole of his professional life, and, though it shows signs of wearing out, he refuses to discard it, for it has become an old friend.

To his intimates, Dr. Cowen appeals as one of the most delightful, simple-minded of men, devoted to his mother, who, although well over eighty, is a remarkably active woman, and to his sister, Miss Henrietta Cowen, the well-known actress. Two dogs, a splendid Chow named "Chin," and a terrier which answers to the name of "Spot," claim no small portion of his consideration, while a parrot may justly plume itself on the fact that it is the only pupil one of the most famous English musicians has ever had. It does not, however, sing any of the composer's songs, but it whistles the "Cockney's Call" as the direct result of much conscientious training on the part of Dr. Cowen.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN

MY paper's "Own Correspondent" in Central America is of opinion that a new State has come into being and that its name is Panama. In other words, the revolt of the Panama Province against the Colombian State has been carried to a successful issue—for the time being, at least. I have had a lively interest in Panama since the days when old Ferdinand de Lesseps was trying to cut the canal. I knew a man who was a big contractor out there, and when he came to England to see his son, who was my companion at boarding-school, he would tell us many tales of horror. Being very young and impressionable, the stories clung to me.

Every few weeks, he said, parties of young French engineers would reach the canal works, and he would warn them to live temperately. They would thank him for his advice, and would, in the great majority of cases, proceed to have a little convivial dinner to celebrate their arrival. They would drink heartily to the prosperity of the country they had left behind, and the success of the Panama Canal; flushed with wine, they would wander out into the misty, malarial night. Perhaps they would feel rather chilled on returning to camp. Within the week the delicate youngsters of the party who had no physique would be dead and buried.

One cannot help feeling sorry for the Colombians, they have overreached themselves so badly. The U.S.A. offered them a very high price for their interests, through the usual diplomatic channels, and the Senate ratified the Treaty last spring. But the Colombians were not satisfied. Each Minister, like Cassius, had "an itching palm," and, while Bogota would not ratify the Treaty, it besieged Washington with fresh and extravagant demands. Then the people of Panama Province, whom the Treaty concerned most, ceased suddenly to see the benefit of alienating the sympathy of the U.S.A. and giving the Nicaragua route another chance. So they have revolted, and Uncle Sam, fixing one eye upon the Monroe Doctrine, winks with the other.

I am glad to read in my paper that the new Lord Mayor managed to make his irritating procession through the City and the Strand without the help of the great cars that used to be part of the Show. Even Sir Augustus Harris could not make the pageantry of the procession popular, and quite small children speak to me of the Ninth of November in terms of unaffected contempt. Only young country cousins seem to care about it. I would suggest in all seriousness that

the date should be changed. If the Lord Mayor could be elected or could make his progress on Midsummer Day, and would utilise the Embankment on his way to the Law Courts and the river on his way back to the Mansion House, we might yet see a pageant worthy of the first city of the world, and such a development would add largely to the favour in which the City is held.

Yet, if my morning paper is to be believed, we are better off with our rather poor show and its uninspiring though highly respectable

collection of City magnates than they are in New York with their Tammany bosses. In any case, we have no "red-light" East side to London, and the politics of our Lord Mayor have nothing at all to do with the administration of the City of London. A writer of sorts myself, I take a grain of salt to flavour what my morning paper sets before me, but even the flavouring does not avail to disguise the exceedingly nasty taste of the story it sets out concerning the "red-light" quarter of New York under a Tammany régime.

I read that our friends across the Channel are seriously concerned with the question of their shrinking population. In Germany there is an increase of fifteen thousand in the number of the year's recruits, in France a decrease of more than thirty thousand. It is almost too amusing to be true, but the fact remains that French politicians are inclined to make a party question of the trouble. The Royalists say that a Republican Government is responsible for the decreasing numbers, while many sober thinkers deprecate the further advance of their country along the paths of Colonial Empire. One witty boulevardier has suggested that a change of the Republic's motto to "Liberté, Egalité, Maternité" might have the desired effect.

Meanwhile, General André is trying to improve matters. Recruits are allowed to serve their time in the districts where their families reside, and this wise provision has given many unmarried recruits the time and opportunity to serve their country by joining the ranks of married men. Now that Great Britain and France are friends, I don't mind giving the French authorities a hint that will solve their population trouble and double their numbers in the next decade. Let the Government halve the period of service for every recruit who is married and earning his own living, and release men from military duties as soon as their wives have given them three children. France is welcome to this suggestion.



THE COMEDY OF CLUBLAND.

[DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY.]

"I'm sorry that your hat has been taken, Sir. Is this your umbrella?"
 "How do I know, idiot!"

THE HUMOURIST IN THE COUNTRY.



A LEAF FROM A SOMERSET SKETCH-BOOK.

BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE most startling literary article which has been published for some time appears in the New York *Bookman* for November.

It reveals the fact that Charles Reade himself wrote the article which accompanied his cartoon portrait in *Once a Week* for 1872. The essay begins with a comparison between George Eliot and Charles Reade, insisting that George Eliot borrowed frequently from Charles Reade and that his faithful imitator was very much his inferior. Characterising his own books, Reade selects as the best "Foul Play" and "The Cloister and the Hearth." Of "Foul Play," he says that it "leaves the stories of Mr. Collins and every other sensational novel-writer far behind. It is a work of genius. The effect of the book is perfectly marvellous. . . . This feature must strike every reader of Charles Reade's novels; his resource is unlimited; his incidents, novel and striking, yet always possible and natural, follow each other with startling rapidity." Of "The Cloister and the Hearth," he says that it "is one of the most scholar-like and learned, as well as one of the most artistic and beautiful, works of fiction in any language. This

splendid production can only be compared with the best books of one author—Walter Scott. And in all things it is as good as 'Kenilworth' and 'Ivanhoe'; in some points it is better.

"Although we place these two books first in their respective classes—'Foul Play' in the class of novels called sensational, and 'The Cloister and the Hearth' in that of the purely imaginative—yet Charles Reade's books, taken throughout, are of more even merit than those of almost any other novelist. They are written in English as pure, as simple, and as truly Saxon as any this country has produced; in a literary style—nervous, vigorous, and masculine—with which the most captious and partisan critic cannot find any fault. Read him: resign yourself to the magic spell of his genius: and be lifted above the cares of everyday life into the region of imagination, peopled by his real creations. You may be trusted then to draw your own conclusions as to the merit of his books. By the million readers of the time to come, Reade, Dickens, and Thackeray will be handed down to fame together in every English-speaking country." Shortly before, it seems that Reade wrote an angry letter to an American editor who had published an essay in which he was described as George Eliot's inferior. According to Reade, George Eliot owed most of her fame to the fact that George Henry Lewes had bought the English Press for a time, "and puffed her into a condition she cannot maintain and is gradually losing." "The Press is a corruptible judge, and peculiar facilities were offered in George Eliot's case for buying the English Press, and they have been purchased and repurchased accordingly."

There is no doubt as to the absolute falsity of Reade's charge. George Eliot's praises were sung by writers whom no one would have attempted to corrupt. But a few very good judges, including Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Quiller-Couch, have conceded Reade's claim to a front rank for "The Cloister and the Hearth." It is a claim which many of us will never allow. To us it seems that Reade at his best was emphatically a second-rate writer, more often third-rate, and even fourth-rate. There are difficulties in realising the grand conception that authors should review their own books, and they are not likely to be removed by this revelation.

The old controversy as to the value of reviews goes cheerfully on, and is one of the few things that may be reasonably counted on in a time of change. Some American novelists have been speaking their mind. Mr. Marion Crawford tells us that he reads only such criticisms of his books as are handed to him by two or three persons whose opinion he esteems. Mrs. Atherton believes that no long book is read consecutively, and that her own experience from first to last proves that all reviews might just as well remain unwritten. Mr. James Lane Allen thinks that the best criticism is to be found in newspapers. Mr. Stewart Edward White says that reviewers are the only ones who understand the underlying meaning of his books. This, I am afraid, is said sarcastically.

A personal friend of the great German scholar, Mommsen, describes him as a man of small stature and ungainly appearance, with a curious, wriggling kind of gait, his eagle eye glancing in all directions, whilst his mind seemed preoccupied with anything rather than his surroundings. In his later days he suffered from moods of despondency. He would say, "I am old, and there is no further use for me here. I cannot do what I used to do, and I feel my weakness and incapacity." Mommsen, till shortly before his eightieth year, always rose at five o'clock and began work. He was a martinet in the matter of punctuality, and insisted on all his children being at the family breakfast-table at eight o'clock. As a Professor in the lecture-room he was not popular. His voice was shrill and he did not possess the gift of words. His chief recreation was in the perusal of light fiction. O. O.



MR. COURTICE POUNDS AS PAPILLON THE PEDLAR IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC."

A SKETCH FROM THE STALLS BY JOHN HASSALL.

SEVEN NEW BOOKS.

"WHAT WE DREAM."

By FRANCES HARROD.
(Duckworth. 6s.)

lived in lands more or less remote; it is, rather, because Italy is a beautiful country, affording abundant material for word-pictures and familiar to the cultured or travelled readers of the world's great capitals. Even a commonplace story gains a certain quality of distinction when it has the background of Italy and is dressed in the gay colouring that belongs to the national life and faith. Mrs. Frances Harrod's latest book, "What We Dream," has the distinction of association to which we refer, and the casual reader may forget for a time the rather familiar plot, founded on the love of two women for one man and leading inevitably to the act of sacrifice that rings the curtain down upon a tragedy. Unfortunately, Mrs. Harrod's style is not altogether pleasant: she has the irritating habit of jumping from the past to the present tense for the sake of emphasis, of using now and again words that may jar upon the reader's ear, of elaborating a psychology that hardly sorts with the primitive people who are the subject of her tale. These faults will make some readers realise that "What We Dream" owes most of its merit to its setting, and, once they strip it of Italian association, what remains is of little or no importance and of very modest merit.

"AN ANGEL'S PORTION."

By ALGERNON GISSING.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

ordinary girl's feelings, thoughts, actions, and general absurdities, it cannot be regarded favourably. Rosalind, who seems a peculiarly backboneless person, has an easy knack of keeping several simultaneous affections going, nor does her marriage with Robert Danby prevent her from continuing the pleasant pastime, her latest adorer being the familiar figure of the foreign Count with the art of elaborate compliment. Another curious character is Lady Firbank, the step-mother. She has a vague idea of murdering Rosalind, but, having been rather unsuccessful in a little attempt of the kind, becomes reconciled to her husband and eventually dies a most resigned death in the odour of sanctity. Some of the incidents in the book, such as Rosalind's behaviour on the wedding-day of Cuthbert and Esther, are frankly ridiculous. As to "An Angel's Portion," when the conclusion of the book is reached we are still in complete ignorance as to the meaning of this title.

"DOCTOR XAVIER."

By MAX PEMBERTON.
(Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

"Doctor Xavier." Curiously interesting from first to last, the story is of a man who, in the earlier chapters, seems to be simply a wealthy and enthusiastic scientist devoting his riches and genius to experiments in making women beautiful by the aid of electrical and other appliances. In the end, however, he is discovered as a wily and dishonest schemer intent on usurping the throne of a tiny Principality situated in the rocky heights of the Pyrenees. Esther Venn, a young lady from Devonshire who has fallen on evil days and unsuccessfully sought a minor engagement at a London theatre, is succoured by Dr. Xavier—otherwise, the Duke of Montalvan—and consents to be the subject of his experiments. How, in a few months, she becomes the most beautiful woman in Europe, the envied and admired of select Parisian salons, and the wife of the true Prince of Cadi need not be told here. However, before Esther and her handsome husband settle down in their Principality a variety of moving accidents occur, and the moral of the story seems to be that, while artificial means may give a transient sort of beauty, it needs the strenuous life to add that touch of character which makes it real and permanent. "Doctor Xavier" is a book of surprises, and the "happy ending" is brought about by one of its most dramatic episodes.

"THE JEWEL OF SEVEN STARS."

By BRAM STOKER.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

whole tale is so mysterious that it is little wonder Scotland Yard's cutest detective, who for a time is engaged in the attempt to elucidate the earlier happenings, seems merely a clumsy bungler, and one sympathises with him when he exclaims, "Now, I'll be able to wash my hands of it, and get back to clean, wholesome, criminal work!" Although the story is of the present, its real heroine is the mummy of a beautiful Queen who ruled over Upper and Lower Egypt many thousands of years ago. Transported from her tomb hewn out

Italian peasant-life has provided novelists with many a charming story. It is not because the life of men and women who work upon the land in Italy varies greatly from similar lives

of a massive rock in the "Valley of the Sorcerer," far away in the desert, to prosaic England, this Queen with seven fingers dominates not only Mr. Bram Stoker's book, but also the imagination of the reader. "The Jewel of Seven Stars" is a powerful and enthralling story.

"TWELVE STORIES AND A DREAM."

By H. G. WELLS.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

"Twelve Stories and a Dream" is characteristic of Mr. H. G. Wells at his best and in two moods, the merely merry and the fantastically scientific—Wells-Anstey and Wells-Verne-Poe. By this, however, we would not imply that Mr. Wells, like the ragged, threadbare throng of book-makers surprised by Washington Irving, has been eking out scanty garments with patches from the clothes of those with ampler wardrobes. To Anstey, Verne, and Poe he is undoubtedly indebted, but he is indebted only as a painter is indebted to the creator of the school he has chosen to follow, and he is, moreover, limited by no models. Each of his stories is marked by the strong individuality that has already effectually differentiated the works of the newer master from those of his predecessors. As we have already said, Mr. Wells is here before us in two moods, and it is exceedingly difficult to say in which he is preferable. "The Magic Shop" is delightful in its quiet humour; "The Truth About Pyecraft," a return to "The Invisible Man" manner, Gilbertian comic; "Mr. Skelmersdale in Fairyland," pure fantasy; "Mr. Ledbetter's Vacation" and "Mr. Brisher's Treasure" pleasantly, and "Jimmy Goggles the God" wildly, humorous; "Miss Winchelsea's Heart" pathetically amusing. All alike are excellent. Equally entertaining are the tragi-comedy of "Filmer," the nervous inventor of a flying-machine, and of "The Inexperienced Ghost"; the fantastically scientific "The New Accelerator" and "The Stolen Body," the Poeëque "The Valley of Spiders," and the haunting "A Dream of Armageddon." In Mr. Wells's hand the seemingly impossible becomes the possible, the unreal the real. In his latest book he has given his exuberant imagination full play. More than one of his stories are of the stuff that dreams are made of, but not one leaves behind it a sense of absurdity—an admirable testimony to the author's craftsmanship.

"BORLASE AND SON."

By T. BARON RUSSELL.
(John Lane. 6s.)

From the point of view of a series of pictures of special phases of existence, this story will have a certain interest. Something of the spirit of Dickens—and, be it said in all veneration, something of his exaggeration—may be found in the description of the South London Emporium of Messrs. Borlase and Son, with its hundred-and-one meannesses and shoddy tricks concealing themselves beneath the specious phrase, "the custom of the trade." To heighten his effects, the author falls back on the old weapon of contrast, and represents the firm of Messrs. Douglas, Wilkinson, and Spender as exceptionally benevolent to their staff, the majority of whom seem to repay them by doing as little work as possible for their salaries and endeavouring to frustrate their more conscientious colleagues. A fine object-lesson for the Borlases of this world! They, with the shrewd common-sense which not even their many enemies can deny them, would draw their own inferences and go on their malevolent way. The German book-keeper, Schneider, whose position, according to his own idea, is so continually being "oondermined," intrudes a little too frequently, but occasionally he proves rather refreshing in a story which takes itself so very seriously. The death-bed repentance of Mr. Borlase and the reward of Stanton's overpowering virtue are distinctly reminiscent of the Sunday School.

"THE MAGIC CITY."

By NETTA SYRETT.
(Lawrence and Bullen. 3s. 6d.)

Many people and some publishers seem to think that it is perfectly easy to write for children, with the result that every year terrible examples of futility and vulgarity appear, only to disappoint and disgust the unfortunate little ones to whom they are presented. It is really much easier to write for grown-up people, because what is wanted for children is something to correspond with that astonishing world of wild, unbridled fancy, mixed with prosaic matter-of-factness, in which they themselves live all the time. Lewis Carroll, of course, knew this world, and we think Miss Syrett does, too, but by that we do not mean that she has anything in common with the swarm of imitators that the immortal "Alice" books produced. Here are ten short stories, all full of a delicate, poetical, imaginative charm, and yet not in the least inclined to namby-pamby or silliness. No child could read them without having its natural love of beauty and courage strengthened. The four stories which give the title to the book show us a little girl filling with her imagination some of the beautiful old London names, Lavender Hill, Child's Hill, Paternoster Row, and Tokenhouse Yard, and, at the same time, Rosaleen's own ancestry is suggested with subtle art. Mary Corbett's illustrations will be to children's eyes full of the fascination of mystery, more sophisticated people will be content to admire the beauty of her line.



TIME: ANY MORNING DURING THE PUBLISHING SEASON.

MABEL: What *is* a Press-cutting Agency, Daddy?

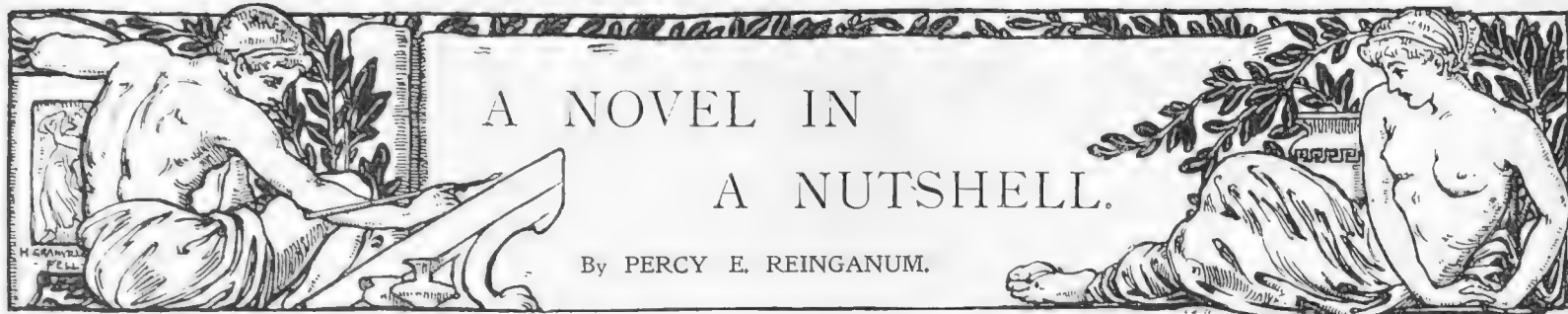
DADDY: An institution, my dear, that sends one a hundred and twenty-five insults for a guinea.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



THE LITERARY LIFE: MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW IN HIS LIBRARY.

DRAWN BY MAX BEERHOHN.



OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

I.

"NOTHING matters now. Nothing ever will matter. Nothing will ever make life anything but an unbearable burden to me. Money, all that money can buy, position, name—all nothing, nothing!" The blind man groaned out the words in hopeless misery, clutching at the arms of his chair, his useless eyes blankly staring. His friend, his lifelong friend, sitting opposite to him, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe, felt the futility of attempted consolation. Nevertheless, he spoke.

"Your wife," he said, tentatively.

"My wife!" exclaimed the other: then drew a long breath and spoke slowly, almost coldly, as though holding himself in with a very tight hand. "My wife, Oliphant, *is* something. She is simply the only circumstance that *does* matter. You know as well as I do what she has always been to me—what she will always be. You know I'm not romancing when I say she was the be-all and end-all of everything I thought or planned or did." He stopped abruptly.

"Well?" observed his friend, quietly.

"Don't you see—don't you understand?" The blind man gasped out the questions fiercely. "She's just the most precious thing in the world—but even *she* does not make this bearable." He struck the palm of his hand flatly across his eyes. "I know what you would say—I'm more to her, afflicted like this, than I've ever been. She will never love me or care for me one jot less now that I'm a helpless, useless clod than when I was a working, thinking man. I know that the greatest grief that could come to her would be the loss of my useless self. . . . I know that, Oliphant. My ten years' happiness have taught me to know that. And that—my knowing that with such certainty—he dropped his voice—"that is the only reason she has not lost me."

Leonard Oliphant took his pipe from his mouth and leaned forward.

"What do you mean?" he asked, sternly.

The blind man rose unsteadily to his feet and moved slowly, with outstretched hands, across the room until he touched a writing-desk that stood against the wall. It was covered with papers—diagrams, plans, figures, lists, all relating to mechanical contrivances. He gave a little moan as his fingers rustled aimlessly among them. His friend watched with sombre eyes full of a man's voiceless compassion for another man.

After a moment's hesitation, he drew a key from his pocket and fumbled for the lock of the desk. He was some moments finding it, and cursed below his breath at his helpless clumsiness. At last, the key slipped in, turned, and, after a moment's groping, he came slowly back towards Oliphant. In his hand he held a small white package, and the label showed startlingly distinct.

"H'm!" observed his friend, his pipe again clenched between his teeth. "Better throw it on the fire, Hugh. Nasty stuff to have about."

Hugh Westerby drew himself up, thrust his hand in his pocket, and shook his head, while something that was almost a smile flitted across his face.

"No," he said, with a ring in his voice his friend was glad to hear. "No; this is my one means of keeping self-respect alive. While this lies in that desk, ready to my hand but untouched, I know that I'm still capable of doing something worth doing, of *living*—when all I hope for, long for, pray for, every moment of my life, is death. I live—I shall continue to live as long as it pleases the powers to torture a poor, helpless shadow of a man—because my wife needs me. She's all alone save for me. If there had been children—but the boy died." He broke off abruptly.

There was silence for a few moments. Then Leonard Oliphant rose and laid his broad, capable hand on the other's bowed shoulder.

"Good boy, Hugh!" he said, lightly. "Give me that packet."

"What for?" demanded his friend, starting from him.

"To put it back for you," he replied. "Don't be afraid."

"I'm not," said the blind man, and placed the little packet in his hand. "You understand, Len!"

"I understand."

He had been standing with his back to the door. As he turned with the packet in his hand, he noticed that it was standing slightly ajar.

"Funny thing!" he observed to himself. "I could have sworn I shut it when I came in." He walked to the desk and dropped the little white paper into the drawer.

"There!" he said, aloud. "Front left-hand corner. Shall I lock the drawer?"

Hugh Westerby did not answer. He had felt his way to his arm-chair, and now sat huddled together, his hands hanging limply over his knees. Leonard closed the drawer, turned the key, and then glanced over his shoulder at the door.

"I wonder—," he muttered, and, leaving the key in the lock, strode across the room and opened the door quickly. There was no one there. He stepped out and looked up and down the hall. No one. He came back into the room, closed the door, and resumed his seat by the fire opposite his friend. Ever since the day, now a twelvemonth ago, when darkness had closed in upon the once famous and successful inventor, Leonard Oliphant had thus spent two or three evenings a-week doing his best in his clumsy way to lighten his friend's burden. Sometimes Mrs. Westerby had sat with them; as a rule, the conversation ranged over impersonal and indifferent topics. To-night's self-revelation, the laying bare of a tortured soul, arising from some chance word or incident, was a new feature.

And now, upstairs behind a locked door, Gwendolen Westerby, the blind man's wife, the "only circumstance that mattered," as he had said, sat bolt upright, with fingers rigidly locked, her whole frame shaking with great, dry, tearing sobs, her mind capable of realising nothing but the words she had inadvertently overheard—the terrible words that had shown her the uselessness, the futility of her love, had revealed to her with dazzling distinctness the fact that not even she could in the slightest degree alleviate the agony of the man cut off in the pride and prime of manhood from hope and life and work. Nay, more—and this was the worst—it was she that unconsciously prolonged his pain, inasmuch as it was for her sake he refrained from seeking the release he yearned for. And as, downstairs, the friend groped for the words that should comfort without hurting, the phrase that should show sympathy without unbearable pity, so, above, the wife sought frantically for a way out, for a chance of showing of what helpful sacrifice her love was capable.

She was a woman of the most distinctly healthy type—the impersonation of mental and physical robustness. Before her marriage her friends had called her hard, cold, lacking in sentiment; they had been unaware, as she herself had almost been, of the hidden store of tenderness which the coming of Hugh Westerby had revealed. The only child of somewhat conventional and matter-of-fact parents, she had been brought up to accept and had unquestionably accepted the view of life which makes health and bodily comfort the essentials of existence, and had always regarded sickness and death as vague and far-off possibilities to be dismissed as far as possible from the sane and well-balanced mind. Love and life and the joy of living formed her only creed. When the calamity of blindness struck her husband, in whom her whole being had been centred, the blow had struck her, at first, with an icy numbness; she who had never known physical infirmity had for the moment shrunk from the thought of what such a deprivation must mean. But the revulsion had come almost instantly. And, much as she had loved and admired her strong, clever husband when in possession of all his faculties, she had since felt for him such tenderness, infinite compassion, and loving pride as made her almost glad of the blow that had stricken him down, inasmuch as it had left him so entirely and undividedly at the mercy of her love. She had hoped that she and the flight of time might reconcile the man to his brokenness. And now she realised in a moment that the pain was too deep-seated to be touched by either. The despair that a year had intensified would not be lessened in ten. The love that had only tended to render him more conscious of his affliction at the end of twelve months would never be sufficient to give him joy in living.

Leonard Oliphant's cheery voice broke in upon her thoughts.

"I'm going now, Gwen!" he called. "Will you come down?"

She was outwardly calm by now, and could answer "Yes" in very nearly the same cheerful tone that she and Oliphant always adopted when within hearing of her husband. A glance at the mirror told her that, beyond the paleness of her cheeks, no trace of her emotions was visible in her face. She ran lightly down the stairs and found Oliphant struggling into his over-coat in the hall.

"Let me give you a lift," she said, gaily. "It's awfully good of you to come in to see Hugh so often; I expect he gets very sick of me. Doesn't he tell you so?"

Leonard turned and looked sharply at her. There was a smile on her lips, but his observant gaze revealed that it did not extend to her eyes. He took her hand.

"Good-night, Gwen," he said. At the door he turned. "He's in a black mood to-night," he said, fingering the handle; "I shouldn't take too much notice of anything that he may say." Again he looked sharply at her, "Well—good-night," and was gone.

Her husband, in his chair by the fire, turned his face towards her as she entered the room and smiled at her.

"Why did you desert us to-night, Gwen?" he asked. "I suppose you are glad to have someone else take the burden of amusing me off your shoulders once in a while?"

She sat herself on his knees and took his head between her hands.

"That's it exactly," she retorted. "I've been indulging in riotous dissipation all by myself among the jam-pots and pickle-jars. Don't you think I'm not aware of the fact that a little unmixed male society is good for a Man thing occasionally, even when he's a married specimen. Dear old Leonard, what a friend he is!"

Her husband nodded.

"I often wonder," he said, thoughtfully, "whether I should have been as good to him if this"—he touched his eyes—"had happened to him instead of to me."

"Of course you would! Why not?"

He shook his head.

"I should have been impatient of his weakness, repelled by the infirmity, contemptuous of his helplessness. Without meaning to be any of these things, I'm afraid I should have been all of them."

There was real terror in her eyes as she looked at him; did he think this was how she regarded him?

"Come along to bed, dear," she said, quietly; "you're tired."

She helped him up and led him across the room, slipping her arm through his and seeming to lean on him whilst she guided him. At the door he stopped and felt for something in his pocket.

"My key," he said. "Did I leave it in the desk?"

"Yes," she replied, after a glance. "Shall I get it you?"

She ran across the room, he standing watching her with his unseeing eyes. At the desk she stood for a moment, hesitating.

"Can't you turn it?" he asked. "It is rather stiff."

"Oh yes, I can manage!" He heard the drawer slide in and the key turn. He felt her run up to him again and slip her hand into his. He felt her soft hair brushing his cheek and the soft lips seeking his.

But he could not see the sudden light in her eyes—or the little white package in her hand.

II.

A week later, and once again Leonard Oliphant sat with his friend, bearing him company in the darkness he could not share. Hugh Westerby sat before a small table, running his fingers aimlessly over a little mechanical model, now twirling a wheel, now twisting a nut, his

blank gaze fixed all the time on the opposite wall of the room, as though he strove with his mind's eye to pierce the veil that enshrouded him.

"For Heaven's sake, Len," he burst out, suddenly, "never pass a blind beggar without dropping something into his hat! To think that I've done so scores of times!"

"Impostors, most of 'em," observed Oliphant, laconically.

"Perhaps. Not all of them. I don't care," he went on, vehemently; "give to all rather than miss one to whom the chink of a coin may bring a moment's comfort."

"Right, I will. Fact is, I've always done so ever since——" He stopped.

"Ever since I joined their ranks?" Westerby laughed a little harshly. "And these evenings spent with me, I suppose, are *my* coppers?"

"Don't talk like a fool," said Oliphant, composedly, and puffed compassionately at his pipe. There was silence for a time.

"I'm sorry I spoke peevishly, old man," said Westerby, presently.

"That's all right, Hugh."

"I've got a regular visitation of blue devils to-night. I'm used to one or two as constant companions, but there's a regular flock of them about this evening."

He pushed the little model away from him.

"Not very complimentary to me," said his friend. "If I remember rightly, my last visit here was the occasion of a few extra of these chums of yours dropping in."

"Ah!" said the blind man, and turned eagerly towards him. "That reminds me of something I wanted to ask you—something that has puzzled me for some days."

"What is it?"

"You remember my showing you that packet—you know?"

"Of course. What's the matter? No new development?" He spoke lightly, but his throat contracted slightly and his voice was strained.

"No, no! Both desire and—self-respect are as strong as ever. There's nothing I wouldn't give to take it; there's nothing will make me take it." He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and his hand trembled.

"What is it, then?"

The blind man turned on him an eager, strained face.

"You put it back that night? In the drawer where it was before?"

"Certainly. There was only one open. I told you—in the front left-hand corner. Can't you find it?"

"I—I haven't looked since." Hugh moistened his lips with his tongue. "You—you wouldn't deceive me, would you, Len?"

"What do you mean?" demanded his friend, indignantly.

"No, no; of course not! I didn't think so for a moment. Forgive me." He paused. "And, of course, you didn't tell anyone about—about it?"

"Of course not!"

"No, no; of course not!" He felt his way across the room to the desk, took the key from his pocket, and, after a little hesitation, opened the drawer and fumbled inside it.

"Can't you find it?" asked Oliphant. "Shall I——?" He heaved himself out of the arm-chair.



[DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON.]

He set the glass down on the table and rose to his feet, trembling violently.

"OUT OF THE DARKNESS."

"All right. Don't trouble; I've found it." Westerby shut the drawer quickly, locked it, slipped the key back into his pocket, and faced the other man. "Sit down, old man; it's all right," he said again.

Oliphant sank back into his seat. "He's full of whims and fancies, poor old devil," he said to himself, "whims and fancies."

"Gwen! It must have been Gwen!" muttered the blind man, under his breath, as he crept unsteadily back to his chair.

The certainty of it filled his mind to the exclusion of everything else. He had missed the packet the first time he opened the drawer after showing it to Leonard Oliphant. She must have taken it that same evening. What did she know? How did she know it? Had she overheard, or had she merely caught sight of it and removed it, fearing for him? Yes. That must be it. Naturally, she could not know—could not understand as Leonard did. She was a woman—his wife; and she must not know—must never know—all that that little package meant to him.

Just then the door opened and she came in. Leonard rose to his feet to greet her, and could hardly refrain from showing the shock he felt at her appearance. A week's agonised thought and inward struggle, combined with the sustained effort of speaking cheerfully and unconcernedly to her husband, had left their marks on Gwen's face. There were dark rings beneath her eyes, and her lips looked thin and dry. The little frown that used to come and go so charmingly had ceased to be transitory and had left its deep, perpendicular furrow between her brows. She greeted Oliphant with her wonted cheerfulness, and, drawing out a stool, sat close by her husband's side, putting his arm across her shoulder and nestling to him.

In the conversation that followed she took the greater part, questioning Leonard about his work—he was a barrister of some reputation—asking for details of his briefs, begging him laughingly to give them some specimens of his oratory, averring that she had never heard him utter a sentence of more than three words. Her eyes grew bright and her cheeks flushed. She was irresistible, and both men yielded themselves gratefully to her charm—Leonard becoming almost voluble in his turn, and her husband feeling his interest quicken and his black fit slip from him.

Only when their friend left and they were alone together she became silent and stared thoughtfully into the fire. Her husband stroked her hair and was silent, too. After all, did not life hold something worth having? Was that little package necessary between his fingers to strengthen his determination to live?

"Why so quiet all at once, little wife?" He tilted her chin gently and bent to kiss her. "Is it only Leonard who can benefit by your conversation?"

She laughed up at him, but there was a sob in the laugh.

"I was thinking of to-morrow, Hugh."

"To-morrow?"

"Have you forgotten what to-morrow is?"

"All the days are so much alike to me"—he smiled wearily—"and not very different from the nights," he added.

"Dear, dear Hugh!" She touched his cheek lightly with her hand. "To-morrow's the sixteenth!"

"Our wedding-day." A spasm shot across his face, and he leaned back in his chair.

"Our wedding-day, and it's going to be a lovely day—just lovely. There's a touch of frost to-night and a beautiful sunset. We'll go for a nice long walk over the Heath—right across to our own particular seat—remember our seat, Hughie?—and right round by Cleopatra's Grave home again. And then—Hugh, do you remember what we had for dinner at Dover ten years ago to-morrow night?"

"Bisque, oysters, poulet à la casserole, peaches, and coffee."

She laughed gleefully. "Trust a man to remember what he ate! I'm sure you don't recollect what I wore."

He laughed, too, protestingly, but she stopped him with a little hand on his lips, and when she spoke again it was softly and seriously, and—but these he could not see—tears stood in her eyes.

"When we come back from our walk, our wedding-day dinner will be waiting for us. I've arranged it all. We'll go back ten years. We'll be very, very happy to-morrow—just to-morrow. You'll be happy to-morrow, won't you?"

He choked as he answered the tremulous appeal.

"Very happy, little wife," he said, huskily.

III.

"Now," she said, as they paused, breathless, after their climb, "now where are we?"

He stirred the air vaguely with his stick until it rattled against the railings. He kicked at the grass tufts with his feet. He raised his face for the sun's rays to fall upon it.

"Top of the Flagstaff Hill," he answered, briskly. "Flagstaff on our right, Horse Pond behind us. Facing right away towards Hendon and Harrow."

She laughed gaily. "What can we see?"

"Just down below us the West Heath—clumps of brown bracken, the tan of the Ride beyond. Beyond that, away beyond Golder's Hill, a bright gleam where the sun catches the Reservoir. Right over on the left, almost on the horizon, a steep swelling—all purple in the haze—and a spire sticking out on top. Harrow."

"Right again. I believe you can see as well as I can. At any rate, you describe it better than I could."

"I'm thankful for a good memory," he answered, and added, in a more sombre tone, "sometimes."

She dreaded a relapse from his unwonted lightness of spirit, and turned him away to continue their walk. With her arm through his, he trod firmly and securely, almost as a man with seeing eyes, though now and again, as his foot turned on an unsuspected stone, a little spasm as of fear shot through him. There was a touch of frost on the ground, and he inhaled the crisp, still air with deep, enjoying breaths. If he could not see the sun glittering in the pale sky, he could feel its light warmth on his face, and the blood ran more swiftly in his veins.

His wife chattered gaily, not describing the familiar scenes, but drawing him on to do so, encouraging his independence, recalling little incidents of the past when they two had traversed these well-known paths, he then the guide and leader. But underlying the gaiety of her talk, sounding here and there through the bright notes of her voice, throbbed a minor chord, a sharp, tingling staccato of pain, and the eyes that looked so longingly and lovingly round upon the bright, beautiful world held something of a farewell and a renunciation.

The setting sun shone brightly into the cheerful room where they sat down to their anniversary dinner, and the brightness was reflected in the face of the man. It seemed hardly an effort now for him to speak cheerfully of the past, resignedly of the present. She, with the certainty within her that this happier mood was but transitory, listened to him with wide straining eyes and compressed lips. He praised everything—the flowers he touched with clumsy fingers, the oysters, the "bird," the wine.

"Pommard," he said. "Fancy your remembering the brand! My dear—a health. Our wedding-day!"

He rose and leaned towards her. Their glasses clinked. She repeated, "Our wedding-day!"; but her voice rose barely above a whisper. Fear was written in every line on her face—fear and unwavering resolution. Her fingers touched the bosom of her dress, and something hidden there crackled lightly.

The servants placed the dessert on the table, and they were left alone. She rose from her seat facing him, and drew a chair to his side. She refilled his glass, but he heard the clucking of the wine and raised his hand to stop her.

"No more," he said.

"One glass more," she said, and he noticed wonderingly how eager her voice sounded. "I, too, have a health to propose."

"You?" He laughed questioningly, fingering the stem of his glass. "What is it, dear?"

She did not answer immediately, save by a little, high-pitched laugh. Once more her trembling fingers sought the bosom of her dress; again there came the faint sound of rustling. Her hand moved quickly across his glass—then across hers. An empty scrap of white paper fluttered to the floor.

"What is this health?" The blind man shifted uneasily in the silence, with the irritability of the afflicted.

"Drink," she said, loudly, "to our Dearest Wish!"

"Our dearest wish!" He turned a pained, puzzled face towards her and slowly raised his glass. At the moment of its touching his lips he started so violently that a few red drops trickled down his fingers. He set the glass down on the table and rose to his feet, trembling violently. That sickly, faint scent—could he fail to recognise it? How often had it ascended to his nostrils as he sat in his darkness before an open drawer?

She had raised her glass when he did, had followed him in setting it down, and now stood, voiceless, beside him. He stretched out a twitching hand, touched her glass, drew it from her forceless fingers, and raised it as he had done his own. . . . He did not put it down, but stood, staring blankly, trying to realise the thoughts that came rushing in upon him. In a flash he understood. She, of all women—brimming over with the joy of living—

"For me!" he gasped. "Our dearest wish!"

And then, suddenly, he awoke from his year-long nightmare. He raised the glass and flung it from him with all his might. It crashed on the table, staining the white cloth; the splintered glass showered about the room.

"I want to live!" he cried. "To live!"

And the woman, who of her love for him had offered to damn her soul, heard and rejoiced. His arms were round her, her head lay on his shoulder.

"Light of my eyes," he murmured, "how could I leave a world that holds you?"





JUST as I was about to write these notes, I was much amused at receiving tidings, per cablegram, concerning an alleged "Irish Land Bill Play," in which, it is said, Sir Henry Irving is likely to appear with Mr. Kyrle Bellew in America. This "political play" is said to be only fit to produce in America, as Great Britain would not be likely to tolerate it. It certainly seems a strange idea to think

tradition. But of all this *The Sketch* will more definitely inform its readers in due course.

The news that Mrs. Pat Campbell has commissioned Mr. John Davidson to adapt Racine's greatest play, "*Cædipe Roi*," is great news indeed. In this play Rachel found her greatest and most awe-inspiring rôle. One cannot help wondering how "the Second Mrs. Tanqueray" will play the awful Jocaite, but doubtless Mrs. Patrick Campbell's marvellous cleverness and remarkable feminine intuition will carry her triumphantly through the ordeal. Many great English actresses have leapt into fame at one bound, but few indeed, even in the past, could look back to ten more eventful years than those which saw Mrs. Patrick Campbell establish her fame as one of the leading players of our time. In 1893 "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" took the town by storm, and since then "Mrs. Pat" has been a Mascotte to every manager who has had the good fortune to secure her services.

The fascinations of a gaming hell and the old horrors of convict life are realistically depicted in "*The Vultures of London*," written by Mr. Julian Rochefort, and produced with marked success at the home of melodrama, the Surrey Theatre. Mr. Rochefort has told an interesting story of love, folly, cruelty, and crime, in terse language; and his well-drawn characters are faithfully portrayed by the Surrey Stock Company, including Mr. Fred Conquest, who inherits much of his father's power; Mr. C. A. Last, an excellent character-actor; Mr. C. J. Hague, an ideal lover; and Miss Kate Olga Vernon, one of the most sympathetic of heroines.

"Honor," a new and original play of modern life by Miss Alicia Ramsey and Mr. Rudolph de Cordova, will be produced at the Kennington Theatre next Monday (23rd). Miss Ramsey and Mr. de Cordova have collaborated in several successful productions, but this is



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, WHO HAS COMMISSIONED MR. JOHN DAVIDSON TO ADAPT RACINE'S "*CÆDIPE ROI*."

Photograph by Beresford.

of producing an Irish play of this kind in a country wherein (as we well know) the Irish emigrants so soon become much more American than the Americans themselves. And it is certainly stranger to those of us who know Sir Henry Irving that he should agree to play in such a drama, even at the request of Mr. Kyrle Bellew, whose histrionic career Sir Henry did so much to forward at the Lyceum about a quarter of a century ago.

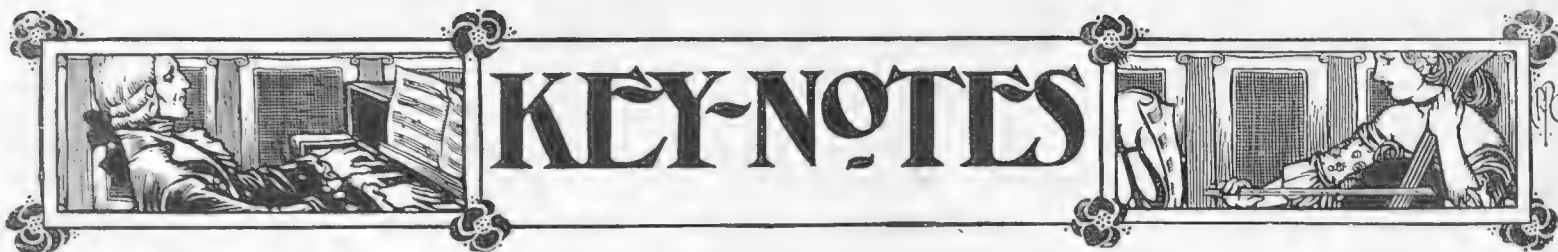
In the first place, although he has just had to abandon presenting Sardou and Moreau's "*Dante*" in New York and "round about that quarter," as the old song says, yet Sir Henry will, I have good reason to believe, make "*Dante*" one of the principal plays in his repertory in most of the other cities for which he is booked "in the Union." Secondly, I have to point out that the statement as to Miss Ellen Terry taking part in the piece is incorrect. Miss Terry has decided to continue touring in the British Isles, and has abandoned all thoughts of going to America, for the present, anyhow. Thirdly, it has to be added that the mention of "Mr. H. B. Irving" having a part in this Irish political play is what the Prince of Denmark would describe as not "speaking by the card." Mr. H. B. Irving will for a long while have to remain with Mr. Charles Frohman, under whose management he has achieved so many striking successes—the best he has ever achieved up to now. In the next place, I have to say (and I say it on the best authority) that, when Mr. H. B. Irving does launch out elsewhere, he will do so in quite another sort of enterprise, an enterprise to be adopted in his native country and probably in a certain great English play or two, in which he will, thanks to his gifted father, be able to carry on the splendid Irving



MISS DOROTHY THOMAS IN "*KING RICHARD II.*" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

their most ambitious venture. "*Honor*" is a four-Act play, and will be presented to South London playgoers by a highly efficient cast, including those popular favourites, Miss Kate Rorke (in the title-rôle), Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Mr. Cecil Ramsey, Mr. William Devereux, and Mr. Norman McKinnel (by kind permission of Mr. Arthur Collins).



THE performances at the Albert Hall are always interesting, if only on account of the size by which they are regulated.

Moreover, Sir Frederick Bridge is so completely enthusiastic and energetic a conductor that whatever he takes in hand is bound to have a certain finish and a certain completeness, whatever may be the

adverse circumstances which fight against him. Certainly it would be difficult to imagine more adverse circumstances than those which stand against the choral director of the Royal Choral Society, for here he has, as it were, a machine to his handling so utterly out of proportion to the ordinary things of this world, so exaggerated and so enlarged, that he has to expand himself, as it were, and to make really a great effort of brain before he can bring himself to the level of that which has to be done under these Gargantuan circumstances. "Elijah" being the Oratorio given on the occasion in question, Sir Frederick's chief charge was the orchestra; next to that came the massive choir, which, after all, is practically outside any man's hand to conduct with a perfect sense of proportion. Yet it is to be recorded that the orchestra played extremely well,



MR. PLUNKET GREENE: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Taken by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

and that, though the chorus naturally at times was not in perfect unity—for, with such numbers, how can perfect unity during a long work be found?—nevertheless, he did wonders in proving their quality of voice, and, above all things, the quality of the composition set for interpretation.

Mr. Kennerley Rumford took the part of Elijah on this particular occasion, an allotment which, as it was understood, had been assigned to him for the first time. It is a pity that Mr. Rumford in this particular hall had to challenge such names as Charles Santley and Andrew Black, and therewith one has to record, even if it were merely by reminiscent criticism, something of a decisive failure. It is true that Mr. Rumford has an extremely good method and that he is distinguished by great refinement of manner and method; his failure lay in the fact that he is somewhat lacking in the exuberance of temperament which should distinguish this particular part among all other parts in Oratorio; he sings well, and he certainly means well, but it will take some time, though the time may be not ill-spent in striving, to rise to that particular point when he may, by dint of hard work and by the pressure of his genuinely emotional temperament, be able to rise to levels which have already been reached by elder and more popular rivals. Madame Albani, who seems once more to have taken a new lease of youth, sang very well indeed, and other artists completed a performance in which the old sort of classical interest once more became fresh and new; but it is an interest, however, which now has become a matter partly of reverence, partly of tradition, and partly of the application of novel methods to an art which is no longer modern.

Mr. Francis Macmillen made his first appearance at the Queen's Hall the other night as solo-violinist, assisted by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, which, naturally, was conducted by Mr. Henry J. Wood. Mr. Macmillen has a very fine technique and an extremely sweet tone.

His programme was far too long, including, as it did, three Concertos, a Bach, a Goldmarck, and a Paganini. Besides these, he played two solos on his own account; Mrs. Henry Wood sang a couple of songs; and the audience also had to sit through Haydn's Overture in D. It is in the more emotional Western work that Mr. Macmillen is at his best; his manner is suited to what may be called the whipped-cream style rather than for the solid method of the great masters. In John Sebastian Bach's Concerto in E Major for violin he by no means proved himself to be a genuinely fine player; the thing might have been the work of John Sebastian's son, Emmanuel, rather than of the great old man himself, for Mr. Macmillen played the thing into a sort of light Italian opera style, and left entirely upon one side that solemn undercurrent, that key-note of gravity which is the true characteristic of Bach at his best. Nevertheless, there is no doubt but that he was extremely brilliant in works by Ries and Thomson; it was in these compositions that he showed his technique at its finest, and there is no doubt that his highest level is one which has to rank among the artistic productiveness of this time.

COMMON CHORD.

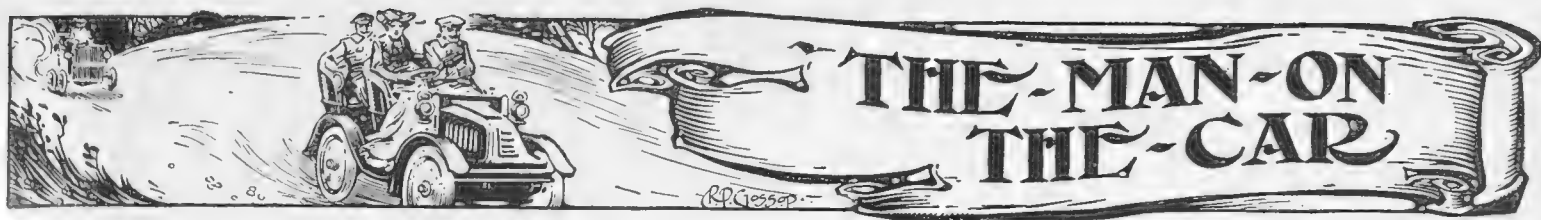
Miss Elizabeth Parkina, the new American soprano, has already won very high praise for her singing at the Promenade Concerts, the St. James's Hall "Pops," and the Queen's Hall Ballad Concerts. Miss Parkina, who is a native of Kansas City, studied under the best masters in America, and completed her training on the Continent. She has been selected to sing at the first concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at the Queen's Hall on the 25th inst.

Fate has been very kind to Mr. Plunket Greene. It is hardly necessary to say that this most genial of singers is an Irishman. Although born to diplomatic and official fortune—he is a cousin through his mother to Lord Plunket—he early made up his mind that his voice was his fortune, and, as soon as he had persuaded his family to allow him to do so, he threw himself with great ardour into his musical studies. He was successful from the very first, and he is as enthusiastic now as he was at the very commencement of his career. Some four years ago, Mr. Plunket Greene's good fortune was crowned by his engagement and marriage to one of Sir Hubert and Lady Maud Parry's very charming daughters.



MISS ELIZABETH PARKINA, THE NEW AMERICAN SOPRANO.

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.



Blind Prejudice—Anniversary Runs—Motors for Street-cleansing—Fog—Intending Purchasers.

THE contumely with which motorists have been treated in those places where dignity and justice should reign supreme—to wit, the Courts of the magistracy throughout the country—and the abuse which has been showered upon them under such headings as "The Social Juggernaut" in the leading organs of the country, have encouraged the ill-bred and ignorant, both young and old, to the committal of all sorts of irritating, disgusting, and vexatious acts towards motorists on the road. Village urchins have been encouraged by what they have overheard to hurl filth at the occupants of any passing car, while loutish carters, be-fuddled with bad beer, think nothing of striking at motorists with their whips, obstructing the road, and employing foul language, no matter whether there are ladies and children in the cars or no. All this, I say, is the direct outcome of the expressed blind prejudice which has distinguished so many of those beacons of legal acumen known to the world as "Benches," and automobilists subjected to these annoyances should never allow such incidents to pass. The names and addresses of the village youths should be taken, and the semi-drunken carters should be dealt with as one's manhood dictates.

The Automobile Club's anniversary run—that is, the November trip which the Club has organised each year to celebrate the passing of the 1896 Act, under which we are fined for exceeding a speed of twelve miles per hour—is to be dropped, at least, this year. The reasons advanced for the relinquishment of what has hitherto proved a most interesting and had become, from a historical point of view, an epoch-making fixture, are the inclemency of the weather and the immense amount of work carried out by the Club during the season now drawing to a close. Now, the weather has never restrained the members of the "A. C. G. B. and I." from celebrating this occasion by a big muster and, on the whole, a pleasant outing (*vide* the particularly damp run to Oxford last year), nor has the work of the Club ever before been advanced as a reason why the Bill, such as it is, should not be honoured. The celebration runs have always been enjoyed by those who took part in them, and appreciated, as at Oxford, by the inhabitants of the objective towns. Regret is expressed on all hands at the abandonment of this time-honoured fixture.

Slowly but surely the motor is supplanting the horse for utilitarian purposes. The authorities at Cardiff, who are most go-ahead people and keen to progress, have purchased two motors for hauling refuse and road-watering. These waggons will replace twelve horses and save no less than ten pounds per week in standing charges. While six horses cost four hundred and twenty pounds, the motor-waggon, fitted for refuse, transport, or watering, will cost only five hundred pounds. It is remarkable that more of the London Boroughs do not abolish their horseflesh and adopt means by which the arduous work of city street scavenging and cleansing is more expeditiously and much more economically carried out. They should sit at the feet of the Engineer of the Borough of Westminster and gather wisdom.

If we are not in for much fog this winter, then I know nothing of the climate of my own country; and, as motor-driving in fog requires nerve, care, and address, I fancy car-owners will find themselves in good practice in this particular before long. Fog in the daytime is bad enough, for then the meeting car, the whirr of its propelling mechanism stifled by the damp wreathings of the mist, looms up suddenly out of the rack, and you are bonnet on bonnet with squealing brakes before the next thing happens. It is well to drive hard down on your near side in a fog, for then whatever runs into you from the front is distinctly in the wrong, and damages may be recovered. But fog-driving at night is the most ticklish job of all, for the pace of a car is really too fast then for safety.

Intending purchasers of motor-cars will do well to await the issue of the Automobile Club's report on the late Reliability Trials, by the light of which they will be enabled to discriminate between good, better, and best. Such accounts as have already appeared in the Motor Press form, on the whole, a fair guide; but they do not, of course, give the Judges' findings on the condition of the driving-gear after the odd one thousand miles run had been completed. This is, of course, the crux of the whole trial, and no trial which is not calculated by its duration and stress to find out the weak spots in a vehicle which might develop in a season's driving is worthy of the name or should be accorded the slightest consideration by intending purchasers.



SIR WILLIAM BELL IN HIS NEW PETROL TWELVE HORSE-POWER LANDAUETTE.

THE VEHICLE COMBINES THE ADVANTAGES OF AN ORDINARY LANDAU FOR TOWN SERVICE BESIDES BEING AVAILABLE FOR COUNTRY USE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Derby—The Grand National—The Flat Season—"Sweeps"—Jockeys.

THE Derby Autumn Meeting is always a big draw, as house-parties are numerous, while owners of racehorses are intent on going for the Hay and Corn Stakes. The betting at Derby is seldom good, though many of the chief shareholders in the Company are bookmakers. A poor acceptance was received for the Derby Gold Cup, but the field promises to be quite up to the average in the matter of quality. A big Newmarket tip for the race is Simony, who finished fourth in the Cambridgeshire. Coincidence-mongers will note that Royal Lancer, who ran close up in the Cambridgeshire last year, came out and won the Derby Cup, and Sir Blundell Maple may repeat the feat by the aid of Simony. This race, although run on the straight mile, is generally won at the starting-post. Fariman is not by any means out of it, and Kunstler, if in his Ascot form, will not want for backing. Another horse likely to run close is Pharisee, whom I shall couple with Simony.

It is expected that the Grand National of 1904 will be one of the best cross-country races witnessed at Aintree for years, as many of the old horses and some very good recruits are likely to compete. I am glad to learn from an Irish friend that Ambush II. was never better. The King's famous steeple-chaser has been kept at easy work throughout the autumn. He looks very fit. It will be remembered that a year ago he fell at the last fence, or, in my opinion, he would have won the race, as he is faster than most of them on the flat. Drumcree is certain, bar accidents, to get the course once more, and Detail, who is owned by a lady, will, I take it, run in the race. Mr. W. Bass has a useful plodder in Mathew, and Mr. Eustace Loder is said to own a good 'chaser in Marpesson. Indeed, the last-named is thought by the Irishmen to possess a chance second to none if given an equitable weight.

It has been a very good flat-racing year, and things have gone with a swing that was unusual to us all the time the War raged in South Africa. I take it that many of the big gates chronicled in 1903 were due in the main to the presence of Royalty at the meetings, and it is pleasant to be able to record the fact that His Majesty has patronised the majority of the fixtures held at Headquarters this year. It is to be hoped that the coming two-year-olds under the charge of R. Marsh will include at least one or two smashers, as the public dearly love to see the Royal colours at the front.

The pillars of the Turf—I mean, of course, those owners who go in for large studs—have done fairly well, if I except the Duke of Devonshire and Prince Soltykoff, who, seemingly, own a lot of moderate horses that require to be weeded out of their stables. It is a fact worth noticing that the country stables have appropriated the majority of the big handicaps. Newmarket captured the treble event with Rock Sand; but the Oaks and One Thousand went to the country.

The police are, I am glad to hear, actively engaged in attempting to suppress some of the shady "sweeps" that are being run in England from some of the Continental towns, and I would give any person imprisonment who sent circulars to private individuals unsolicited. Many correspondents have written complaining of the nuisance, and they cannot discover how their addresses came to be known; but that part of the business is simple. Perhaps they are in my position. I happen to be the registered holder of a parcel of shares in a little country Company that is supposed to be speculative. As a result, I receive every prospectus of every speculative Company, mining and otherwise, that is issued, and a rare lot of trouble it causes me at times, as it is risky business to burn even circulars, or supposed circulars, without opening them. I suggest to correspondents that they should re-address all shady "sweep" circulars back to the senders.



LORD BURNHAM, PROPRIETOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH," AT HALL BARN, NEAR BEACONSFIELD.

Photograph by Starling, High Wycombe.

he rode during the whole of the season was that on Ard Patrick for the Eclipse Stakes, although I am one of the very few who believe that he had a bit up his sleeve from the very moment the horses rounded the bend for home.

CAPTAIN COE.

It is impossible to think of Lord Burnham without also thinking of the great paper with the success of which he has had so much to do. As Mr. Lawson, and afterwards as Sir Edward, Peterborough Court knew him for a born journalist, and the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* were mostly trained and tamed by him. Otherwise he is known to the public as the friend and frequent host of the King, whom he entertains at his beautiful but curiously named place, Hall Barn, near Beaconsfield, with its rich memories of Burke and the great Disraeli. The estate, which is all in the Hundred of Burnham (hence the title chosen when Sir Edward was raised to the Peerage last summer), once belonged to the poet Waller. Three thousand acres in a ring-fence, simply swarming with game, and for that Lord Burnham paid a hundred and seventy thousand pounds to the executors of the late Mr. Alan Morrison. Hall Barn is anything but a barn, really. It is one of the most truly comfortable houses in England, and its master and mistress are delightful hosts.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT is always tantalising (to a woman) when Paris is only taken *en route* and the undreamt-of delights in shop-window or salon are left to flaunt themselves unseen as far as she is concerned; yet such has been the trying experience of this chronicler during the past week. A rather hurried summons to Southern Europe, which admitted of neither delay nor refusal, set Paris with all her pomps temporarily aside, and it was only such third-cousins of Madame Fashion several times removed which one was permitted to animadvert at such halting-places as Milan, Genoa, and Rome provided. Certes, the Italian, however lovely her raven locks, and clear her pallor, and languishing her large, brown, velvet eyes, can never—will never—rival her plainer French neighbours in the *chic* and general finish of their well-appointed persons. Her fashions are duly imported, and comprise all there is of the most recent departures and details; but they are worn in the more heroic and classic style of the Roman matron than of the carefully equipped *mondaine* of the Bois and the boulevards.

Indeed, to me there is always a suggestion of the toga in the way your Signora drapes her pelerine or paletot about her. Nevertheless, in the mere matter of modes, things seem much the same in Palermo as in Paris. We have the torpedo-shaped hats, as pointed in front as that instrument of destruction, from which, indeed, it is said, some Frenchwoman in search of a novelty took her idea. The Napoleonic *chapeaux*, with gold braid, buttons, loops, and pointed sides, are also very visible. While undoubtedly odd and bizarre, they look very sweet and even becoming on smart and pretty women. But there it is again. Every or any thing looks well on some, while the poor, plain folk have to carefully consider their angles and points of disadvantage before venturing on new and daring departures of reckless Madame Mode.

Sable hats have developed into a craze this year with all who can afford the luxury, and with many, alack, who cannot the cheap and always nasty imitation is also rife. Why, oh, why will people not

dress according to their station, and what possible use or satisfaction can Sarah Jane or the "young ladies" of shop or post-office or telephone *dépôt* derive from their rabbit-skin simulations of my Lady Wealthy's sables, from their cotton laces to her Brussels point, from their Palais Royal brooches to her emeralds and diamonds? Yet the



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A HANDSOME OPERA-CLOAK OF ERMINE WITH LACE APPLIQUE.



[Copyright.]

A WALKING-GOWN OF CHIC DESIGN.

foolish and most obvious cult of copying goes on with no recognisable result other than that of killing the fashion it apes. Already moleskin, which has attained such giddy heights of fashion, is copied in a cheap woolly cloth which sets one's teeth on edge to look at, much less feel; while ermine, almost equally modish, is boldly confronted with tabby cat or bunny of the same colour, and the ostrich-feather stole of our tried affections is boldly attempted by the mere barn-door clucker or the hissing gander of the village green! If I were liege lady of these or any other realms, I should be greatly inclined to disinter some of the old sumptuary laws which bore with such excellent effect on the extravagant fancies of the mediæval dame and damsel. And wouldn't the race of husbands arise and call me benefactress!

Meanwhile, it is an undoubted however regrettable fact that we are dallying with a revival of crinoline. All the new skirts are unusually wide at the hem. A support of some sort to keep the heavy winter cloths from flopping about the feet first led to the merest suggestion of bustle, and now most of the best Paris frocks are accompanied by a petticoat of the colour stiffened with horsehair and not infrequently with steel! The sloping, hock-bottle shoulder of the crinoline period is again admittedly fashionable, and sleeves are cut far below the shoulder-line, to meet the overhanging shoulder-piece; add to this the little circular turban with a sweeping Paradise plume or drooping ostrich-feather which Paris is wearing at the moment, and we get the modern version of grandmotherly days *en bloc*, even to the "cut-work" collars and under-sleeves of that very undecorative period.

It will interest those who always aim at being in the first flight of fashion to know that short fur scarves, chiefly of ermine, are tied cravat fashion (just as a man folds his foulard scarf) over the collarless fur bolero or coat underneath. This is, *par excellence*, the smartest way of wearing ermine just now: The oblong muff to match, smartened with silk cords and drooping laces, is a very elegant addition to the outdoor altogether. Another novelty in connection with the wide-sleeved fur coat is the introduction of white lace under-sleeves (the coat itself should, of course, be lined with white satin); even a sable coat treated in this way has an immensely enhanced decorative value. The lace sleeves are attached to the coat and hang loose, generally a little below the fur.

A white sun-ray pleated gown with high bodice and pearl-embroidered yoke, flanked by a large picture-hat in dark-green velvet, made a very picturesque appearance at the next table to ours some evenings since at the Grand, in Rome. It was worn by the Marchesa Carlo Colobrini, who had come for shopping from Pisa, where she and the Marchese own San Rossore, one of the most beautiful and stately palaces even in this land of palatial dwellings. Madame Zola, looking so sad and pathetic, is also here for part of the winter.

A very smart dinner given by the officers of the King's Bodyguard, in honour of his absent Majesty's birthday, took place last evening in the smaller dining-room. It makes one quite regret that mufti is the order of the day at home, seeing how smart the foreign uniforms look. The silver epaulettes and pale-blue cloaks of the Italian Bodyguard surely strike the last note of decorative effect in the masculine exterior.

SYBIL.

ON THE TABLE.

"The Queen Can Do No Wrong." By Herbert Compton. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)—The story covers a comprehensive period, for it commences under George III., continues through the Regency, and concludes in George the Fourth's reign.

"My Poor Relations." By Maarten Maartens. (Constable. 6s.)—Stories of Dutch peasant life, mostly reprinted from periodicals.

"The Log of a Cowboy." By Andy Adams. (Constable. 6s.)—A narrative of the old trail days, well illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. An excellent story for boys.

"Denis Dent." By E. W. Hornung. (Isbister. 6s.)—An exciting story treating of love, treachery, and heroism, with a fine description of the Battle of Inkerman.

"Spiritualism." Pro E. Wake Cook; Con Frank Podmore. (Isbister.)—This book belongs to the "Pro and Con" Series edited by Henry Murray, and the question debated is, "Is communication with the spirit world an established fact?"

"British Mammals." By Sir Harry Johnston. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)—An attempt to describe and illustrate the Mammalian Fauna of the British Islands from the commencement of the Pleistocene period down to the present day, issued in "The Woburn Library of Natural History," and containing sixteen coloured plates from the author's paintings, as well as innumerable drawings from his photographs.

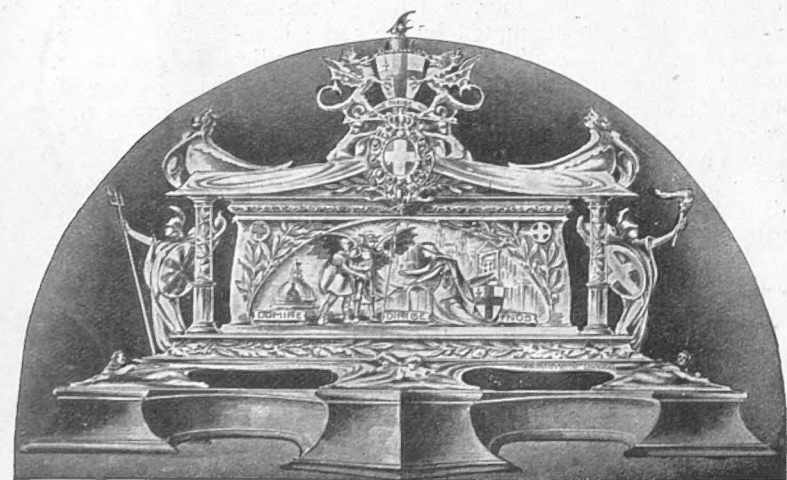
"The Story of Seville." By C. Gasquoine Hartley. (Dent. 4s. 6d.)—Another volume in the charming series, "Medieval Towns." It contains a photogravure frontispiece of Saints Justa y Rufina from the painting by Goya.

"Vigil and Vision." By John Payne. (Villon Society.)—A volume of new sonnets by John Payne, the well-known translator of "Villon." Those sonnets under the comprehensive title "Signs and Seasons" are especially noteworthy.

"Bygone London Life." By G. L. Apperson. (Elliot Stock. 6s.)—A new work on Old London divided into five sections: Old-time Restaurants, The Coffee Houses, Some Old London Swells, Old London Museums, Old London Characters.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., of 49, Strand, and elsewhere, have put on the market a patent pipe which all smokers should try. It is made in various shapes, and is neither heavier than an ordinary pipe, nor to the eye is it any different. The inside arrangements, however, are such that it gives a very cool smoke and is easily cleaned.

The casket to be presented to the King of Italy by the City Corporation is a fine specimen of the goldsmith's art. Emerging from the waves of the sea, supported by water-nymphs, it has Britannia bearing the trident and shield at one end, whilst Italia at the other holds aloft a torch to exemplify that, through her gifted sons, she has kindled the light and led the way in arms, literature, and art. There is also an exquisitely enamelled panel, allegorical of His Majesty's visit. St. Michael, the patron saint of travellers, is presenting Italy to the City of London, typified by a female with the crown, sceptre, and keys; in the background is the Guildhall, the dome of St. Paul's looming in the distance. Surmounting the cover are shields with the Arms of His Majesty, encircled by precious stones, and also the Arms of the City. The casket is of 18-carat gold and has been executed by Elkington and Co., Limited, of the Old Mansion House, 73, Cheapside, E.C.



CASKET TO BE PRESENTED TO THE KING OF ITALY.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

THE operation performed on the Emperor's throat was of the simplest description (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). It lasted scarcely a minute and caused absolutely no pain. Professor Moritz Schmidt, the celebrated Frankfort specialist, has performed thousands of similar operations, and it may truthfully be said that the case of the Emperor caused him little trouble and less anxiety. After painting the affected part with cocaine, he snipped off the wart-like protuberance and presented it to his colleague, Professor Orth, who, as Rudolf Virchow's successor at the Berlin University, is considered one of the greatest of living bacteriologists. The report of Professor Orth on his microscopical investigation of the extracted polypus excludes all and every reason for suspicion as to the nature of His Majesty's throat-trouble, thus extinguishing all possibility of rumours associating it with the tragic disease to which the Emperor Frederick succumbed.

I hear that, though the Kaiser was naturally somewhat nervous when the polypus was first discovered, his tranquillity on the day of the operation excited the admiration of the medical attendants. "The Emperor," observed one of them, "appeared to be without nerves." A few hours after the removal of the growth, he went for a walk with the Empress, and, except for the necessary abstinence from talking and smoking, has since suffered no inconvenience. It is confidently expected that by the time these lines appear in print the wound will be completely healed. From the statements made on the case by eminent specialists both in Germany and abroad, the comforting assurance may be gathered that a reappearance of the removed growth, which owes its origin to the strain of perpetual public speaking, rarely, if ever, occurs.

Owing to the inability of the Kaiser to indulge in conversation, the customary celebration of King Edward's birthday at the German Court had to be omitted. Invitations to a luncheon at the Neues Palais in honour of the occasion had been issued as usual, but they were withdrawn at the last moment on the advice of the doctors. The Kaiser, however, telegraphed his congratulations to King Edward in a long despatch, in the course of which he replied to the inquiries of his Royal uncle in words which left no room for doubt as to the absence of all dangerous or disquieting symptoms.

The extraordinary nature of the precautionary measures enforced at Wiesbaden during the meeting of the Kaiser and Czar has excited much unfavourable comment. They seem to have been due to the anxieties of the Czar's entourage, who have grown morbidly concerned for the safety of their Imperial charge. The Czar himself appears to be free from all undue nervousness. During his two months' sojourn in Hesse he repeatedly wandered about the country unattended.

Messrs. John Knight and Sons, the well-known manufacturers of Primrose Soap, have been appointed "Purveyors by Warrant to His Majesty King Edward VII."

"Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings"—all sorts of good things. Among these the artistic productions of the famous firm of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, always take a foremost place, and the coming season will prove no exception to the rule. Messrs. Tuck are now publishing an exceptionally attractive selection of Christmas books, cards, and calendars. "Father Tuck's Annual" is better than ever and more prolific in illustrations, while "Tales from Tennyson" will delight the hearts of those whose privilege it is to give and those who occupy the second-blessed place of recipients.

Those pianists who have acquired their proficiency only at the expense of long and even painful periods of practice must wish that in their younger days such an instrument as the "Angelus Piano-player" had been in existence. At the Invitation Recital in the Angelus Hall, Regent House, Regent Street, on Thursday of last week, the "Angelus" not only rendered various more or less classical pieces with perfect accentuation, phrasing, and expression, but also accompanied the songs of Miss Helen Pettican and the violin solos of Miss Ethel Marsh in such a finished manner as to remove it entirely from the category of purely mechanical instruments.

The question of how long the coal-measures of Great Britain will last at the present rate of consumption has for long engaged the anxious attention of even the least pessimistic of Englishmen. However, in view of the invention recently exhibited at the works of Messrs. Johnson and Phillips, of Charlton, Kent, it would seem that the alarm is to a great extent unnecessary. The inventor of "peat-coal" claims that in two or three hours he is able by his process to convert peat into a fuel that will not only more than hold its own against the best Welsh steam-coal, but, besides, leaves no clinkers, occupies less room in a ship's bunkers, and may be produced for something like half the cost.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 24.

THE OUTLOOK.

DESPITE the fact that the Bank Directors did not raise the rate, dearer money is still feared and acts as a wet-blanket on the market for the highest class of investment stocks. The optimistic speech of Lord Harris at the Goldfields meeting has encouraged some buying of Kaffirs, especially from the Continent, and the effect of the speech has been augmented by the summary of the Labour Commissioners' report, which, although not unanimous, is up to expectation.

We are glad to see that our persistent recommendation of Sons of Gwalia shares is at length likely to bring reasonable profits to our readers. As the production of the mine now stands, 6s. a-year is the outside dividend likely to be distributed, and, considering the hands in which the management is, and the market conditions prevailing, we do not see that the shares can be worth more than 45s. to 50s. Of course, in a gold-mine of this description there is always a prospect of some new find greatly improving the outlook, but, to hold as a speculative investment, it cannot be said that from 12½ to 15 per cent. is too high a return for buyers to expect.

FOREIGN BONDS AND FEARS.

One crumb of consolation remains to the investor who has witnessed the downfall in price of his securities within the now closing year, and that crumb he finds amongst his Argentine Bonds. For weeks past the Argentine Market has been one of the firmest to be found in the House, and those who have followed our persistent recommendations to buy the Bonds need be in no hurry to take profits upon what they may have purchased. There is no top-heaviness about the market, and the Continent remains a steady buyer. The country is doing well, crop prospects justify the rising tendency of the Argentine Railway Market, and its internal affairs have apparently run into the groove that encircles a prosperous peace for years to come. Of course, South American investments are always open to unexpected blows, otherwise prices would not stand at levels which allow of such good returns being obtained from payment of coupons, but, so far as one can see, the general-outlook barometer is set at fair.

In very different case are the Japanese Bond issues. If Japan does not strike now, argue many others in the City besides those in the Stock Exchange Market, her chance of curbing Russian aggrandisement is lost for ever, since Russia's fleet will be larger than that of Japan in a few months' time. Those who are compelled to guess the counsels of both nations from the outside agree that Japan is not anxious for a struggle, while fully conversant with the danger of delay. Up to the time of writing the Stock Exchange considers a conflict between the two countries as highly improbable, but while the war-clouds drape the horizon Japanese Bonds must remain subdued as to price. Should the worst come to the worst and war break out, the bondholder prepared to see the thing through would run little risk of losing his money in the end.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

This week we are able to give our local correspondent's first letter on the diamond-mines of the Transvaal, of which so much has been heard since the War. From our correspondent's tone it is evident that, whatever depression of spirits may exist with regard to gold, the people on the spot do not allow that their diamonds are "small beer." De Beers has so long been considered "the biggest diamond-mine in the world," that it is hard to realise the advent of a still greater, although no one doubts that the diamond industry of the Transvaal is destined to play a very important part in the future of the Colony. We hope to publish a second letter on the same subject in our issue of the 25th inst.

DIAMOND-MINING IN THE TRANSVAAL.

There is no limit to the wonderful resources of the Transvaal. Its output of gold would be three or four times what it is if only we had the Kaffir in sufficient force,

and, failing him, the pigtail or any other materialised form of depraved humanity. In diamonds, also, we are already making a respectable show—the Premier is the biggest diamond-mine in the world. Coal we mine in forty-foot seams, and of good quality, too. Such unconsidered trifles as iron, copper, tin, and lead you will hear more of by-and-by. We will astonish the world with these products yet, just as we do to-day with gold and diamonds.

Diamond-mining in the Transvaal has sprung up, mushroom-like, so quickly that many people have only a faint idea of the importance of the industry and its enormous potentialities. How many readers at home are aware of the fact that one mine, the Premier, has turned out 80,000 carats since the end of last year, and that another, the Schuller, has won 20,000 carats? To Mr. Oscar Schuller belongs the credit of discovering the fields. His father, Mr. W. C. Schuller, a respected Johannesburg jeweller, held a prospecting lease over the farm Rietfontein No. 501, to the south of the Delagoa Bay Railway, some twenty miles east of Pretoria. After unsuccessfully exploring for silver, cinnabar, and even coal, Mr. Schuller was on the point of throwing up his lease, when, in August 1897, his son, kicking over an ant-heap with his foot, picked up a diamond in the loose soil, and forthwith Rietfontein No. 501 was one of the most valuable farms in the Transvaal, and the Pretoria diamond-field was a fact. It is fair to say that, ten years before this date, Mr. H. B. Bunkell, M.E., in a professional report, had singled out the district as a likely one for diamonds, though the geological indications are not the same as those at Kimberley.

Mining-men at Johannesburg received the news of the find with marked incredulity, but Pretoria supported the discovery for all it was worth, and Messrs. Lewis and Marks soon joined the Schuller family in the work upon the farm Rietfontein. In February 1898, Messrs. Schuller and Sons floated the Schuller Diamond-mines, Limited, with a capital of £400,000, of which £100,000 was working capital. The total shares issued to date are 345,000, the balance being held in reserve.

The Company owns the mineral rights of the farm Rietfontein, upon which up till now two thoroughly proved pipes, or craters, have been discovered, No. 2 pipe on the boundary of the adjoining farm, Kaalfontein, into which some experts believe it extends. Both the pipes, in their general formation as well as individual details, resemble the well-known Kimberley mines and others opened in Griqualand West and the Orange River Colony. The yellow and blue ground, although very similar to that

found in these mines, has a distinct appearance and touch which the expert can at once distinguish. Carbon, garnets, zircon, olivine, and all the other minerals usually associated with the diamond are found in large proportions. The diamonds themselves have peculiar characteristics, and men connected with the diamond-trade can at a glance distinguish a Transvaal diamond from any other. What this peculiar characteristic is it is impossible to describe, and it is only through the constant handling of the precious gems that it becomes distinguishable.

A shaft down to a depth of over 100 feet on the No. 2 Schuller Mine, close to the rock casing, proves that the sides are vertical, whilst on No. 1 mine a shaft of 60 or 70 feet sunk at the side of the casing proves the same. Bore-holes to a depth of 500 feet have been put down in Nos. 1 and 2 mines, the blue ground coming out at that depth being of perfect appearance and full of the usual deposit. As regards the yield, the following are the official figures to Jan. 31, 1903, at the end of the Company's financial year: 38,015 loads gave 12,665 carats, equal to 33·28 carats per 100 loads treated.

Meanwhile, levels are being driven in the mine and a quantity of blue ground placed on the floors to disintegrate. Such of the yellow ground as is ready for immediate washing is being treated at present, and it is believed enough is forthcoming to keep the gear going until the stuff on the floors is ready. The Schuller Diamond-mine bears every evidence of being a valuable property, and, as a yield of 15 carats per 100 loads is considered sufficient to pay all expenses and leave a substantial profit with diamonds at their present price, readers can form their own opinion of the merits of Pretoria's pioneer diamond-mine.

As a result of Mr. Schuller's find, the district was taken up by numerous other prospectors, and up to the time when operations were suspended by the War a fair amount of work had been done. It was found that the diamondiferous formation covers a wide district on both sides of the Delagoa Bay Railway, but particularly to the north and west. The diamondiferous wash was found to exist on many farms, and occasional valuable stones were picked up here and there; but the trouble was to locate the pipes or craters, the remains of the old mud-volcanoes which are the diamond-mines of to-day. In 1898, Mr. J. B. Robinson acquired an interest in the Wryneb Farm, adjoining the Schuller property, and up till the War he was probably the only Rand financier who had connected himself with the new fields. Subsequently, Mr. Robinson sold his interest, the reason stated being that he could not obtain the opinion of the property.

An enormous impetus was given to the new diamond-fields by the discovery of the Premier Mine shortly after the War, and this event, next to the original discovery of diamonds by Mr. Schuller, has been of prime importance in booming the whole district. Mr. T. M. Cullinan now appears upon the scene, and to this gentleman belongs the honour of locating the world's biggest diamond-mine. A native of Queenstown in the Cape Colony, Mr. Cullinan has for years been known as one of the most successful builders and contractors in Johannesburg, two of his best-known contracts being the Robinson Bank and the Chamber of Mines building. A photograph of the latter appeared in *The Sketch* quite recently. A most enterprising man, interested in prospecting work for the past eighteen years, Mr. Cullinan "spotted" the likely spot for a pipe on the farm Elandsfontein No. 85, some distance north of the Schuller mine, and on the other side of the railway. He was right, and the Premier Mine to-day is the proof of his judgment and prospecting skill.

It was only in November last that Mr. Cullinan acquired as much of the farm as suited his purpose—1700 acres. £55,000 was paid in cash to the wealthy Prinsloo family—the same lucky old Dopfer family who sold the Modderfontein gold-farm to Mr. Beit and his partners, also for a handsome sum. Setting to work at once, Mr. Cullinan had two small shafts put down, with the result that eight diamonds were



[Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.]

MR. OSCAR H. SCHULLER,

DISCOVERER OF THE FIRST DIAMOND-MINES IN THE TRANSVAAL.



[Photograph by Middlebrook, Durban.]

MR. T. M. CULLINAN,

DISCOVERER OF THE PREMIER DIAMOND-MINE.

found, and one month after the purchase—namely, in December last—the mining world was startled with the news that a big diamond-mine had been discovered. What, a few months ago, was a piece of rugged, unproductive veldt, is to-day a beehive of industry. The Premier (Transvaal) Diamond-mining Company, Limited, already gives employment to over a thousand natives and a large number of skilled white workmen. The capital of the Company is £80,000 in shares of £1 each, of which 77,000 have been issued. Work proceeds at the mine day and night with the aid of the electric-light, and all the latest improvements in machinery are being brought into operation. The huge task of bringing the Company to its present stage has been effected through the untiring efforts of the Chairman and Managing Director (Mr. Cullinan), and he as well as those who have assisted him may justly be proud of their work. Up to the end of September, about 80,000 carats of diamonds of average quality had been found, and up to the present date the finds continue good. The shares have fluctuated greatly, having been as high as £40 last July, but since the taking effect of the new Diamond Law and partly also, no doubt, in sympathy with the entire South African Market they have reacted to about £20.

Further details about the Premier Mine and about the district generally, including some smaller ventures, must be held over to another article, in which also there will be an opportunity to discuss the new Diamond Law and the probable future of the Transvaal diamond industry.

CLEANSING THE YANKEE STABLES.

Bad Bank statements may easily turn out to be disguised blessings for the American Market if they continue to show that the financial institutions are gradually making for a more wholesome monetary situation. Capital recklessly advanced upon any kind of security, or insecurity, is still being called in by degrees, but the feverish haste to realise collaterals that brought about the drenching liquidation of a few weeks back has been replaced by more sober methods, and the Yankee Market is finding its feet again. The glaring scandals connected with some of the Trusts are vivid warnings against the dangers of indiscriminate speculation, and, if a recovery is to take place, it must come by inches instead of by yards at a time. Public confidence has suffered too severe a shaking for Americans to become a general gamble for a long while, but that is no reason why the investment demand that has lately sprung up for so many of the sound Yankee Railroad Bonds should not quietly extend to the better-class shares in the list. New York, however, has yet a great deal to do before its house can be thoroughly cleansed of the deep financial stains of which abundant evidence is brought by every nail, and no permanence can be secured by prices of Railroad Preferred and Common shares until evidence forthcomes that the leaders of the real high-finance mean to discourage shady methods and extravagant speculation by all the means at their disposal.

WESTRALIAN ACTIVITY.

Occasional set-backs notwithstanding, the West Australian Market continues to exhibit a fairly firm undertone, and it appears to be the intention of those in charge of the boomlet to keep it going

for some time yet. Several of the big Kaffir firms are taking a hand in the market, and the cheering cry of "Buy a thou of" so-and-so is heard more often in the Kangaroo corner than in the Kaffir Circus. Were it not for the taint of suspicion that attaches to the West Australian Market, the public would probably have begun to work up a little interest in its shares, but its affairs have been so dragged through the mire of scandal and disgrace that people, however open for a gamble, have come to regard Westralians with deserved contempt. When it is so well known that there are men on the mines paid to cable early information to Stock Exchange operators—information which must, to be worth anything at all, reach its destination before it can be communicated to shareholders—it is not surprising that the public prefer to leave the playing with such marked cards to others. The speculative investor may be attracted to Westralians by the high yields still to be obtained from the best-class Companies, but he is conscious that, if anything should happen to his property, he will probably be one of the last people interested to hear about it. The market is tarnished with the breath of unscrupulous cliques, but, if it should run bullishly for a few weeks more, one of the shares to participate most early in the advance will be Sons of Gwalia. We recommended them from 25s. upwards, and there is room for yet higher prices.

Saturday, Nov. 14, 1903.

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